

THE
HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VOL. IV.

From July to December, 1854.

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T. S. ARTHUR & CO.

1854.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

The fourth volume of the HOME MAGAZINE closes with this number. From the beginning we have sought to improve and add fresh attractions with every new volume. We commenced without any embellishments whatever, and did not anticipate more than a limited circulation; but subscriptions came in so rapidly, that we were encouraged to introduce both steel and wood engravings freely, and the liberal expenditure has been amply justified. Our circulation now is more than double that of last year, and everything looks towards a very large increase for the coming volume.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1855 will be improved in many respects. It will be *printed on new types and fine paper*, and be more choicely embellished than heretofore. Among the illustrations will be a series of elegant Colored Engravings, a specimen of which appears in this number. More attention will be given to the introduction of matters specially desired by home lady readers, such as patterns for embroidery and other kinds of needle-work; drawings of new costumes, and various articles of dress as well for children as others.

In the literary department the same elevated tone will be observed, and the same plan of introducing the largest variety of choice reading followed. In every respect we shall strive to make our periodical just what its name imports, a Magazine for the Home Circle.

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Engraved by J. Warren

Designed by A. D. B. K.

THE DANCING DOLLS.



THE WIFE.



THE DANCING DOLLS.



THE WIFE.

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THE COUNTRY GIRL.

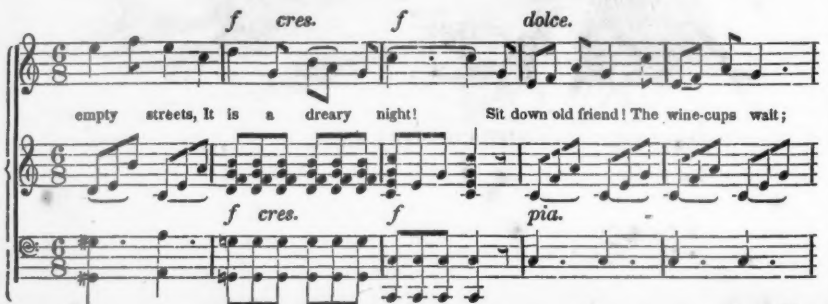
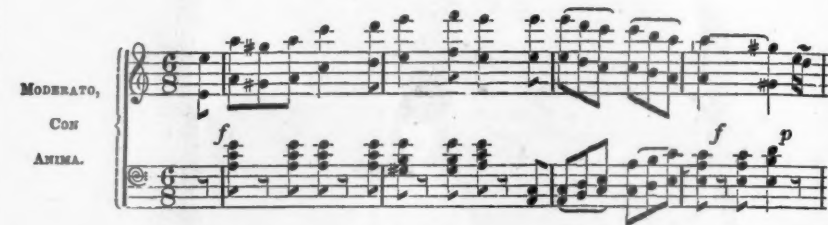
SUMMER IN THE HEART.

WORDS BY EPES SARGENT

MUSIC BY W. R. DEMPSTER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by SARGENT & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.]

MODERATO,
CON
ANIMA.



SUMMER IN THE HEART.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line ending and the piano accompaniment continuing. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, and *p*. The time signature is 6/8.

cres.
Fill to o'erflow...ing fill! Though win-ter howl-eth at the gate—In our

cres.
hearts 'tis summer still! In our hearts 'tis summer still!

f *cres.*
f *f* *f*

p *p*

For we full many summer joys,
And winter sports have shared,
When free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared.
And as I look into thy face,
Back, back, o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still.

What though, like sear leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strewn,
And summer flowers lie dead around,
And singing-birds are flown.

The verdure is not faded quite!
Not mute all tones that thrill,
For seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still.

Fill up! the olden times come back
With light and life once more;
We scan the future's misty track
From youth's enchanted shore,
The lost return—through fields of bloom,
We wander at our will;
Gone is the winter's angry gloom—
In our heart's 'tis summer still!



BENJAMIN WEST.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1854.



THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,

In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!

Where's the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away;

Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scents along—
Come away!

Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;

Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray,
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made—
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE USES OF TOBACCO.

While the general means for the preservation of health have been materially advanced in our society by attention to exercise, by the external use of cold water, by moderation in food, by the curtailment of dinner parties, and more especially by the fast extension of abstinence from stimulant and intoxicating drinks, there is in one particular a decided and unhappy deterioration of our social habits—the increased use of tobacco.

Many persons, and some of them wise and valuable men, impair their health and shorten their lives by this poison. If we look around in a company of our legislators, judges, and even of our venerable clergy, we see a certain number of them marked by pallid countenances, relaxed muscles, yellow-colored lips, and a languid, listless posture. We may set these down as chewers of tobacco. If we follow them to their homes, we find some of them complaining of lost appetites, pains in the chest, occasional palpitations, daily indigestion, and, finally, some irremediable disease, which carries them to their graves. The number of persons of intellectual pursuits who voluntarily place themselves in this suicidal list, is too great to be counted; and this country, we are sorry to say it, exhibits an immense proportion of such instances among its best men. In my experience, a great number of cases simulating disease of the lungs and stomach have been explained by the discovery of the habit of chewing tobacco, and the relinquishment of

the practice has been followed by restoration to health.

Of the three modes of using tobacco, *smoking* is that which seems to have insinuated itself most extensively among the young men of our community. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the power of the stomach. As to the pleasure produced by it, it is, I believe, a well-known fact, that a person smoking in the dark is often unable to determine whether his cigar is lighted or not.

Tobacco, employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influence into every part of the lungs. These organs, by the countless number of cells which form their internal structure, have a surface greatly exceeding that of the whole exterior of the body. The lining membrane of these cells has a wonderful absorbent action, by which they suck in the air destined to vivify the blood. If this air is impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, even in a weak degree, the great extent of surface in which the absorbent action takes place must necessarily produce an impregnation of the blood with the deleterious properties. The noxious fluid is entangled in the minute, spongy air cells, and has time to exert its influence on the blood, not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood, having imbibed the narcotic principle, circulates it through the whole system, and produces, in consequence, a febrile action in most individuals, and especially in those of a delicate habit. The peculiar effects of the narcotic action must, of course, be developed to a greater or less extent; and eruptions on the skin, weakness of the stomach, heart, and lungs, dizziness, headache, confusion of thought, and a low, febrile action, must be the consequences. Where there is any tendency to phthisis in the lungs, the debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption.

Snuff, received into the nostrils to some extent, enters the cavities opening from them, fills those cavities, and makes a snuff-box of the olfactory apparatus. The voice is consequently impaired, sometimes to a remarkable degree. I knew a gentleman of the legal profession, who, from the use of snuff occasionally, lost the resonance of his voice and the power

of speaking audibly in court. Moreover, portions of this powder are conveyed into the lungs and stomach, and exert on these organs their deleterious effects.

The worst form in which tobacco is employed, is in *chewing*. This vegetable is one of the most powerful of narcotics; a very small portion of it, say a couple of drachms, and perhaps less, received into the stomach, might prove fatal. When it is taken into the mouth in smaller portions, and there retained some time, an absorption into the system of part of it takes place, which has a most debilitating effect. If we wished to reduce our physical powers in a slow yet certain way, we could not adopt a more convenient process. Who, among the chewers of tobacco, has not felt that deadly sickness which it occasionally produces? Those who have experienced these effects will not, I think, deny its great power of relaxing the whole animal system.

Tobacco is by some persons recommended as beneficial to the teeth; but while it can have no material effect in preserving the bony substance of the teeth, it has a real influence on their vitality, by impairing the healthy action of the gums. These, and also the adjacent parts, are very subject to cancer, particularly the tongue and lips. For more than thirty years I have been in the habit of inquiring of patients, who came to me with cancers of these parts, whether they used tobacco; and if so, whether by chewing or smoking. If they have sometimes answered in the negative as to the first question, I can truly say, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, such cases are exceptions to the general rule. When, as is usually the case, one side of the tongue is affected with ulcerated cancer, it arises from the habitual retention of the tobacco in contact with this part. The irritation from a cigar, or even from a tobacco pipe, frequently precedes cancer of the lip. The lower lip is more commonly affected by cancer than the upper, in consequence of the irritation produced on this part by acrid substances from the mouth. Among such substances, what is more likely to cause a morbid irritation, terminating in disease, than the frequent application of tobacco juice?

Aged persons are very liable to cancer, especially about the face; and when an irritating substance is applied habitually, the skin be-

comes disordered, and takes on a cancerous action. This irritation may be produced, as already stated, by the use of tobacco in the interior of the mouth, by the habitual application of a cigar to the lips, and even by a pipe applied to the same parts. Few days pass without my having an opportunity of witnessing the verification of these facts; and at the moment of writing this, such a case presents itself for my opinion. The patient is a farmer, healthy, except that he has formerly used spirituous liquors, about fifty years old, an habitual smoker, who, two years since, was affected with cancerous ulceration of the lower lip. The primary disease was removed by an operation, and the wound healed; but soon after numerous lymphatic glands on both sides of the neck began to display the effects of cancerous poison; and there are now developed a number of large, very hard bunches, which must continue to grow until they produce a fatal termination.

The want of attention to cleanliness often connected with this practice, and the consequent lodgment of the particles of tobacco on the surface of the lip, has, as already suggested, a great influence in these cases. This would naturally suggest an inquiry, whether those, who have been in the regular habit of general and exact cleanliness, are so often affected with external cancer as others. My experience would lead me to believe that they are not so; but this is not the proper place to enter into an inquiry upon this subject.—*Dr. Warren on the Preservation of Health.*

ROWLAND HILL.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was remarkable for his eccentric rebukes from the pulpit. He once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling—

"Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella!"

Again, after receiving some anonymous letters from some of his congregation—

"If you wish me to read your anonymous letters, you must enclose a £5 note in them for some good charity."

On another occasion—

"I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."



HOW ARE DANDIES MADE?

This is a grave question, for fops are like veal pies—in the opinion of the waggish Weller—the crust may be rather respectable, but the making up of the interior is “werry duberous.” Exquisites at this present writing, are a conglomeration of lanky legs, hairy heads and creamy countenances. Such are their natural peculiarities. But it is evident that in considering this subject, the great topic of inquiry is, What is a dandy sartorially? Here description will proclaim him to be a being stuck into tight trowsers, ditto coat and vest, ditto boots, not so much ditto overcoat, and crowned with a cylindrical structure of felt, which is called a hat. Mentally the subject of dandyism offers little field for remark, because the weakness which distinguishes the unfortunate class of our fellow-citizens now under consideration, is caused by natural imbecility and want of common sense.

It is a topic of inquiry worthy of the most acute philosophical research, whether buckishness is a natural or acquired folly. Some who have argued upon the matter have taken the ground, that all such vanities are the consequence of the great fall, and that as the expulsion from Eden was followed by the assumption of apparel, good Mother Eve was tempted and overcome by the fascinations of dress. For support of this view of the subject it may be

urged, that with the fall came dress, with dress came fashion, and with fashion came the Dandy. Others suggest that such an argument as this, going back beyond the flood, is far-fetched, and they profess to be able to assign a much better cause for dandyism. According to these philosophers every fop has “a soft place in his head,” which has been very beautifully described by the poet as

“The greenest spot
In Memory’s waste.”

They affirm that this weak portion of a skull otherwise thick, is the chosen place of the “organ of dandyism,” and controls the habits of its possessors. If this were so, we might pardon a failing which cannot be remedied, but, with Combe in our hands, we in vain run over the head to find this organ, which is certainly not a hand-organ. None of the phrenological authorities—it is a striking fact—give the locality of this bump.

No; “the milk of human kindness” which was “poured into Gall,” forbade him from making known the situation of the protuberance, and Fowler unfairly dodges the question.

Nothing is to be made out of this inquiry, and after considering the matter with great gravity, we are driven to the conclusion that Dandyism is like a bad cold, caught nobody knows how, or when, or where, or why. Some

may be afflicted because they have the pores of vanity open—others who sit in the draught of affectation, may suddenly be seized by a fashionable influenza—going suddenly from the warm room of common sense into the cold air of ostentation, may give the “grippe” to some—but with many it is chronic, having been acquired in childhood when their dear mammas tricked them out in fantastic velvets and fine caps, with feathers, making them juvenile dandies among the little boys of their neighborhood.

But all this may be tiresome. We must get to the important theme, and respond categorically to the inquiry, “how are dandies made?” Answer: by eight honest mechanics, to wit, the tailor, hatter, boot-maker, linen-draper, haberdasher, glover, hosier and jeweler. Take away the articles fabricated by these men, what is he but a helpless mortal, a mere man and terribly unfashionable. We might once have added to the list of dandy manufacturers, the barber—but our modern exquisites have so little to do with that artist that the claims of Figaro to the distinction would be strongly controverted.—*Graham's Magazine.*

PARLOR AND KITCHEN;

OR, THE TRIALS OF BIDDY MCCARTY.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

“An’ is this the place where I am to be after paying my fifty cents an’ find a situation to my liking, yer honor?” enquired a rosy cheeked, good humored looking Irishwoman, presenting herself at the door of one of the most extensive intelligence offices in the city.

“The same, my good woman,” replied the spruce little man within. “Pay me your fifty cents and I will register your name on my books. Places are plenty as blackberries. You have only to tell me what wages you desire and what kind of work you are best suited for.”

“As to the wages, I want all I can get, and as to the work, I’ll leave it entirely to yer honor. Just set me about what ye like.”

“But what have you been accustomed to doing? Every one has a preference, you know.”

“Faith an’ I have no preference at all. I will just turn my hand to anything.”

“How long have you been in the country, my friend? and what is your name?” asked

the little man in a more formal and business-like manner, as he turned over the leaves of his book.”

“Biddy McCarty, plase yer honor, an’ I landed in Ameriky just twelve hours ago.”

“Twelve hours ago! A regular greenhorn!” ejaculated the dealer in “domestics of every description,” holding his pen suspended. “How did you find your way here so soon? Have you friends in the city?”

“Not a bit of a friend, barring those that I make by my own conduct, and I hope to call yer honor one of the number,” was the smiling reply. “Here is the fifty cents, and when will you give me the place?”

“As soon as possible, good woman. These things take a little time you know; I have no one on my books just now, who wishes for a greenhorn, but there are always plenty coming. Of course, you will go for low wages while you are learning?”

“Perhaps so yer honor,” was the doubtful reply, “but the larning is the hardest. I’m aisy taught, though.”

“That’s a good thing, Biddy. Will you try a situation as general housemaid? or will you keep to one branch, say cooking, chamber work, or taking care of children?”

“The childer are too much bother intirely, yer honor, bless their swate faces; and as to the cooking and chamber work, I would make a poor hand at them. What is the other place ye mentioned?”

“General housework. In a place of that kind, you would be expected to do a little of a good many things.”

“That will suit me, yer honor. It’s dull work doing one thing all the time. And now, if it plase you, my trunk is fornenst the door, and I will be after taking it where yer honor may direct.”

“Your trunk! Oh, that must be left at your lodgings until a suitable place is procured.”

“Not a bit of a lodging have I, save the ship, and glad was my heart to get out of her. But sure I have paid my fifty cents, and yer honor will befriend me and find me a home.”

“As soon as possible, Biddy. In the meantime, look out for some decent place to lodge, and take your trunk there at once. Come here for an hour or two every morning, and if you like, in the afternoon also.”

“An’ shall I tell the good people who will

take me in, that yer honor will be accountable?" enquired Biddy, looking somewhat perplexed.

"By no means. I have nothing to do with your boarding place," replied the astonished clerk.

"Then give me the fifty cents, if you please, and I will settle for myself."

A long explanation at length set Biddy right, and she comprehended that the payment of fifty cents did not insure her bed and board for the next three months, so fully as she had supposed.

"An' what will become of me while ye are seeking for a suitable situation?" she enquired with a crest-fallen countenance. "In troth it is the desolate craythur I am in this land of strangers."

"Is it from county Longford ye are?" inquired a respectable looking Irishman, who stood upon the steps of the open door.

"The very same, an' a sorra day it was when I left it."

"Ony relation to Dennis McCarty?" continued the querist.

"First cousin to him, may it please you, an' a likely man he is."

"Mayhap ye are a kin to my wife, who was Esther McCarty before she became Mistress O'Riley, an' if ye like to share our poor lodgings, ye are intirely welcome, until the gentleman can find you a place."

A torrent of thanks from Biddy were cut short by the Irishman shouldering her trunk and leading the way to the one small attic room, where his wife and four children gave their guest a friendly welcome, and felt themselves well repaid for the temporary inconveniences to which the visit subjected them, by the pleasure they felt in aiding the new comer, and in hearing from the very spot which still seemed to them their home.

For several succeeding days did Biddy present herself at the intelligence office, but without success. More experienced help was generally desired.

At length, however, a family living in the outskirts of the city, in a situation deemed too far out by the domestic aristocracy, consented to receive her upon trial.

"You will not find our work difficult, Biddy," remarked her mistress, as she visited the

kitchen, upon being informed of the arrival of the new comer.

"I dare say not, ma'am, when I once get the fashion of the place. I'm aisy tached, ma'am."

"Well, Biddy, we have just breakfasted, as you see. The first thing to be done is to clear up."

"Of course, yer ladyship; jist to wash the dishes an' tidy the house."

"Exactly, Biddy. After that is done, come to me for directions concerning dinner."

Mrs. Anderson retired with the pleasing reflection that she had given Biddy all necessary instructions. She was but a new housekeeper, for the first eight or nine years of married life had been passed at a boarding house. Since entering an establishment of her own, she had been blessed with one of those all accomplished domestics who require neither assistance or direction from the mistress, but are quite competent to conduct the household affairs themselves. But she wearied of the quietness of an almost country life, and found a more desirable situation in the centre of the city.

"Let us try a greenhorn," suggested Mr. Anderson. "You have leisure to teach her, and she will be more contented than one who has lived in the city for several years."

No doubts of her own capability of directing entered the mind of his wife, and she willingly assented.

"On the whole, I think I should prefer it," she remarked. "An ignorant person will be more respectful. I disliked to enter the kitchen when Catharine was here. She evidently regarded herself as my superior."

So the greenhorn was decided upon, and our friend Biddy—as favorable a specimen perhaps as could be found—was introduced as we have seen.

Alas, poor Biddy! Her trials had commenced. The task of clearing up was a simple one to be sure, to an adept in these matters, but a South Sea Islander suddenly transported to the centre of a large city, and desired to perform some common labor, could hardly have been more confounded than she at the heterogeneous mass by which she was surrounded.

In her own country, her father's house had been her home. A bed, two or three chairs, a rude table, and the most essential domestic utensils, were all it contained. No wonder that she looked around with surprise, and some

consternation at the variety and extent of her new domains.

"An' sure I am afraid to touch the cups themselves," she exclaimed, as she surveyed the breakfast table, from which the family had just risen. "Woe is me if I should chance to break one; an' them so delicate like. The glasses will not need washing, for sure the water was clane which they drank in them. I may give them a bit of a wipe with the tail of my dress."

And suiting the action to the words, Biddy expeditiously whipped up the skirt of her dress and cleared the glasses in the twinkling of an eye.

Happy Mrs. Anderson! Quite unconscious of the duties devolving upon her with a green-horn installed as mistress of the kitchen, she had arranged the portion of the house more immediately under her charge, and was now luxuriating on the sofa with the last new publication of the day in her hand.

Occasionally a slight remembrance of Biddy's inexperience would steal over her, but the quieting reflection that she had directed her to come to her room after clearing up, made all right again, and she continued her employment undisturbed.

At length, the door opened, and her only child, a lovely little girl of seven or eight years old, appeared.

"Well, Mary, my love," said the fond mother, closing her book, "what have you been doing so long? playing with your dolls or walking in the garden?"

"Neither, mamma. I have been looking at Biddy. She does work so funny."

"She is unaccustomed to our ways, dear. No doubt she will soon learn. But how does she get along?"

"She is sweeping up now, mamma. The dishes are all washed, and put in the closet. But, only think, she washed them in the hand-basin, and wiped the tumblers with the skirt of her dress."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, springing to her feet. "Why did you not tell her, Mary?"

"Because, mamma, you told me, when Catharine was here, never to interfere with her in any way."

This was an unanswerable argument, for

the little lady could not be expected to know that Catharine and Biddy were two persons.

In haste, Mrs. Anderson repaired to the kitchen. Experience had not yet taught her circumspection, and she exclaimed, as she entered—

"What pan did you use to wash the dishes, Biddy?"

"The one fornenst your ladyship, may it plase you," was the reply.

"But it does not please me at all, Biddy. That is the hand-basin."

"An' sure, ma'am, I used clane water, an' not the same at all which we used for our hands."

"The dishes must all be washed over again," replied the mistress. "We could not think of eating off of them. Here is the dish-pan, Biddy; and here is a drawer full of dish-towels. Pray, do not use the skirt of your dress. It is too dirty to think of."

A slight survey of unswept corners and furniture covered with dust, and Mrs. Anderson retreated in disgust, while Biddy, with her temper considerably roused, commenced her task of rewashing the dishes.

"There's not a dacenter family in county Longford than Biddy McCarty's," she muttered; "an' to think of her calling me dirty. Sure, my frock is as clane as her own. I'll not be long with her, I'm thinking."

A short time, however, cooled Biddy's resentment, and, with a smiling countenance, she presented herself at the door of the parlor, to ask for directions concerning the dinner.

"Our dinner is a very simple affair, to-day, Biddy; merely a beefsteak, potatoes and a rice pudding. Have it ready at two o'clock; Mr. Anderson will be home at that time."

"I will do my best endeavors, ma'am, but your ladyship remembers that I do not altogether understand the cooking. I'm aisy tached, however."

"Certainly, Biddy, I will give you all necessary directions. The steak is to be broiled, the potatoes boiled and mashed, and the pudding baked in the oven."

Mrs. Anderson paused as if somewhat amazed at the amount of her own knowledge; but the cloud still rested upon Biddy's brow.

"How will I make the pudding, ma'am?"

"Oh! a common rice pudding, Biddy. Just milk and eggs and rice. I do not know the

exact proportions, but you cannot fail of getting it right. It is the easiest pudding of all to make."

"And is it in the stove I will cook the dinner, ma'am?"

"Of course. Have a good fire, Biddy."

"If you please, ma'am, I'm quite ignorant like of a stove. I never made a fire in one in my life. I'm aisy tached, ma'am, if your ladyship will take the trouble."

"Just clear it all out, Biddy, and then kindle the coal with pine wood."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied curtseying Biddy, as she left the room.

Half an hour elapsed, and the dense smoke which poured through the house summoned Mrs. Anderson to the kitchen.

"Och, ma'am, an' don't ye be coming to the like of this," exclaimed Biddy, as she entered.

"Your sweet eyes will be clane out intirely."

"What is the matter, Biddy?"

"Indade, ma'am, an' that's what I'd be glad to know. The chimney is burning, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps you have not managed the stove right," suggested Mrs. Anderson, hastily retreating to the front basement.

"I put in the pine wood and the coal, as your ladyship directed," replied Biddy, giving the fire a vigorous poke as she spoke. But, indade, the life is worried out of me with the smoke."

Mrs. Anderson had little knowledge of the necessary rules in making a fire or managing a stove, but the emergency was a pressing one.

"Are the dampers open, Biddy?" she asked, after a moment's thought.

"And what may those be, my lady?" was the natural inquiry.

Quite in despair, the "greenhorn" mistress forced her way to the stove, followed closely by the "greenhorn" maid.

All tight, of course. A desperate pull or two opened a passage for the smoke. The fire began to burn.

"It will go now, Biddy. Keep the dampers open," gasped Mrs. Anderson, as with streaming eyes she left the kitchen.

The place of the experienced Catharine had been temporarily supplied until Biddy's arrival. This was the first time the mistress had been called upon, and little was she prepared for the exigency. The various preliminary

steps necessary to the proper appearance of beefsteak, potatoes and rice pudding, were entirely above or below her comprehension. She had heard it called a simple dinner, and as such had selected it for her new handmaiden's first attempt.

Quite elated that she had discovered the cause of the smoke, and had succeeded in making the fire burn, she took it for granted that all would be ready at the appointed hour; and quietly seated herself to fit a new dress for Miss Mary's doll, to the great delight of the little girl.

The clock gave notice that it was half-past one when Biddy again appeared.

"Fire clane out, ma'am," she exclaimed, with the same good-natured smile upon her countenance. "I'm not after finding out the way of the stove, at all."

"And Mr. Anderson will be home to dinner in half an hour. How near is it ready, Biddy?"

"Sure, an' is it the dinner ye mane? Troth, an' it's far enough from being ready. It's working at the fire I've been every blessed moment."

In mute despair, Mrs. Anderson repaired to the kitchen; but her presence availed little.

Mr. Anderson appeared. No fire; no dinner. Happily, he was a man of great equanimity, not easily disturbed by trifles, and still more happily, perhaps, it was a leisure day, and he was in no haste to return to his business. He kindled the fire himself, and encouraged the two inexperienced cooks, until the proposed dinner, minus the pudding, was upon the table.

"We can never get along with Biddy," exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, as she sunk into a chair, quite exhausted with heat and unusual exertion. "Only think, she does not even know now to kindle a fire, or cook a steak!"

"And Biddy can never get along with us," replied her husband, "for we do not even know enough to teach her;" and, in spite of his good nature, he looked somewhat doubtfully at the half-burnt, half-raw pieces of meat which were placed before him.

"You advised me to try a 'greenhorn,'" continued the lady, somewhat reproachfully.

"I did, my dear," was the playful reply, "because I was not aware that you belonged to the same class yourself. Nay, do not be

offended. It was a mistake of mine, I acknowledge. Send Biddy away as soon as you please. I will find you an experienced girl, before night."

Mrs. Anderson's clouded brow cleared at once. The dinner was soon despatched, and, in another hour, Biddy, somewhat consoled by a bright half dollar, which had been generously bestowed upon her as a remuneration for her valuable services, again presented herself at her old haunt, and requested that another situation might be procured for her.

"An' be sure that ye ask the ledly if she is a 'greenhorn,'" she continued, after stating the case to the gentleman within. "Don't be after serving me the shabby trick again."

"Ask the lady if she is a 'greenhorn!' shabby trick!" ejaculated the person addressed. "What can the woman mean?"

"Jist this, an' it please ye. The ledly you sent me to knows no more than myself; an' was it not a mane trick to expose me to sich ignorance?"

"Well, well, Biddy, there are an abundance of places. Let me see. There is Mrs. Williams, in Hamilton avenue. She is in need of a girl for general housework, and expects to give low wages. So, of course, she will take a new comer. That's the place for you, Biddy. She is a smart, working lady, I understand."

"That will suit me, long life to yer honor! I want the mistress who knows how to tach me. It's aisy tached I am."

So, with the number of Mrs. Williams' residence in her hand, Biddy departed, and, before nightfall, was again installed in a new home.

Very different was her present mistress from Mrs. Anderson. A bustling, little body, well versed in the uses of pots and kettles, and by no means averse to lending a helping hand herself, as, indeed, well became the mother of a large family, and the wife of a man with a very limited income.

Here Biddy was regarded merely as an assistant, a sort of drudge ready to do what no one else could make up their minds to undertake. No danger that the tumblers would be wiped on the skirt of her dress. Tumblers were far too valuable an article to be entrusted to her charge. She might scrape the sauce-pan, wash the iron-pot, scrub the floor, sweep the side-walk, run of errands, make the fire, and, above all things, be ready at all times and sea-

sons to take the baby. No matter what Biddy was doing—washing, ironing, scrubbing, or cooking, baby must be taken.

There was nothing to be said against this. Children must be taken care of, and Mrs. Williams herself was always busy. But then it was hardly just to blame poor Biddy for the non-performance of certain tasks which she would gladly have performed had her hands been at liberty.

"Is the side-walk cleaned off, Biddy?"

"No, ma'am, not yet; but I am after going to it directly."

"And why is not done before this hour? Did I not give you particular directions to clean it every morning while we are at breakfast?"

"Yes, ma'am, but, may it please you, I had the baby this morning."

"Well there has been time enough to do it, if you had managed right. You must learn to step quick. I always do."

Poor Biddy! it was all step with her. Rise early, hurry up the work as quick as possible, leave all in order, and seizing a few leisure moments in the afternoon, steal to her own room, hoping to put a few stitches in a torn frock, or ragged apron. The needle is hardly threaded ere the summons comes.

"Biddy, have you cleared up?"

"Yes, ma'am. All is right."

"Hurry then, and get ready to take the baby."

Work must be put by at once. Biddy hastily smoothes her uncombed hair, slips on a clean dress and descends. Baby is teething and fretful. The mother gladly resigns her charge, and takes up her needle. The girl keeps baby till evening. She looks tired and out of spirits. The mistress wonders what ails Biddy. "She cannot be tired, nothing to do but to tend baby all the afternoon. There are few places where the help has an easier time."

The week passes. Biddy's frock is not mended, and, for want of a change, must be worn in rags. Then comes a reprimand for being so untidy. Cannot she use her needle? Alas, poor Biddy! there is little use in replying. Silence is her only refuge.

Once more she presents herself at the intelligence office.

"An' sure ye must be after finding me a situation where there is no baby."

"No baby! That is rather difficult. I thought you loved children."

"An' troth an' I do. Blessings on their swate faces, but not when I'm doing general housework. The two trades don't agree."

The man of business smiles, and directs her to another number.

New trials present themselves. Biddy's present mistress passes but little time in the kitchen. No matter for that. Biddy has acquired considerable knowledge within the past few weeks, and feels quite competent to go on by herself. But the lady pays a daily visit of inspection. Nothing escapes her scrutinising eye, and all must be set right at once, no matter how inconvenient the time, or how various the duties. There is no telling at what hour she will appear. Perchance, Biddy's hands are in the dough. A glance at one of the closets shows many errors.

"Biddy, just wash your hands, and step here."

Biddy obeys. The mistakes are pointed out, and the mistress waits till they are rectified. The kneading of the bread is recommenced, but there is little hope that it will be finished without another interruption.

Washing day arrives. The lady informs her new girl that she is very particular about the washing.

Biddy "hopes she will give satisfaction." She rises early, and exerts herself to the utmost. Breakfast-time comes, and she places it upon the table. After the meal is over, she hopes for a little help about the dishes and clearing up, but none appears. Wishing to give the clothes "the best of the day," she sets by the dishes for awhile, gives the floors a hasty brush, and returns to the tub.

The usual visit of inspection is made. Things certainly have a disorderly appearance. Biddy is summoned imperatively, and reprimanded for her neglect. She pleads washing-day as an excuse, but is assured that a tidy girl will have everything as nice on that day as on any other. Then comes the dinner. No regard to Biddy's convenience. The heavy wash-boiler must be moved to make room for various required delicacies, and the washing must be put aside while they are prepared. Yet the clothes must all be completed in one day—washed, dried, and neatly folded for the ironing. No kindly word is spoken, or helping

hand extended to poor Biddy. Weary enough, she creeps to her comfortless room in the attic, so fearful that she will not be up by times in the morning. There must be no delay about breakfast. It must be ready to a moment. But very seldom are all the family prepared at the appointed hour. One by one they come straggling along, each claiming attention, delaying the morning work, and preventing Biddy, whose turn comes last, of course, from breaking her own fast, which has, doubtless, been a long one.

Sunday arrives—the day of rest. But the prospect is no more favorable. This is the day for company. The mistress herself aids in the preparations. A great dinner is necessary. If it ended here it would be well, but those never-ending dishes—Biddy may relinquish all hope of attending church or vespers, or even a run in the evening. It would be impossible. She may drag through her work, and then hurry to bed, for another washing-day is approaching.

There is no redress but the intelligence office, and in a sort of despair she again crosses its threshold.

It is early in the day, and there are few in, but the agent is busily engaged in conversation with a lady, and Biddy takes a seat at a respectful distance to await his leisure. Meanwhile she lends a listening ear to their conversation.

"I've no doubt I can suit you, ma'am. There are few in at present, but in the course of the day I will send one."

"My family is large," replied the lady, "and as my own health is poor I should prefer an experienced person. I suppose, however, it is more difficult to procure one of this kind on reasonable terms."

"A little more so, ma'am, but help of all kinds is abundant. Even the best girls, with few exceptions, are continually changing their places. They are never contented."

"The fault is not altogether theirs," was the reply. "There is a great want of consideration on the part of the employers. They forget that their servants are members of the same great human family with themselves, and that there are mutual obligations between them."

Biddy sprang to her feet in great excitement.

"Now blessings on ye for a rare lady as ye

are, and a Christian beside. It is Biddy M'Carty who will serve ye till her dying day."

Though somewhat astonished, the lady could not forbear smiling pleasantly at the interruption, and said in a kindly tone:

"I fear you are not experienced enough in household work to answer my purpose, my good girl. You look like a new comer."

"Not long over, ma'am; but I've had a dael of experience in a short time. I'll do my best endeavors to suit you, ma'am, and indade I would be happy to live with a lady like yourself. I've had queer luck in Ameriky, an' that is the truth. The ladies have but little feeling for the poor girls. They must know what they were never tached, and what the mistress does not know herself. They must do everything at the proper time, even when their hands are tied when they should be about the work. They must always be ready for every body, and never mind it at all, if nobody's ready for them. In troth it is a hard life, all work, no play, and no kind words. That's the hardest part of all, ma'am."

Biddy paused for breath, and the agent fearing that she was troublesome, signed to her to retire behind the screen, but the lady interfered.

"Let her step this way, if you please; I will ask her a few questions."

A short conversation proved that Biddy knew how to do but little, but was willing to learn to do a great deal.

"Only try me, ma'am," she said, earnestly. "I will work day and night for one who can feel for a poor servant. My very heart leaped for joy when I heard your kind words about the 'obligations.' I cannot repate them, for I've not the larning, but I know the meaning well. It is the same as the rule in the Good Book, 'Do as ye would be done by.'"

"Exactly so, Biddy," replied the lady, quite affected by the girl's appeal. "That rule applies to all in whatever station of life they may be placed. I will take you on trial, Biddy," she continued after a pause; "and after you have been with me a week we will decide what your wages will be if you continue with me."

"Little care I for the wages, ma'am. I will be content with whatever ye allow me."

"I will endeavor not to abuse your confi-

dence, Biddy. At what hour in the day shall I expect you?"

"Indade, an' I will follow ye home, an' it please you. I will not be after losing sight of the blessing which it has pleased Providence to send me. Good morning to ye, sir, an' many thanks for the trouble I've given you," continued Biddy, as following her new mistress, she crossed, for the last time, the threshold of the door of the intelligence office.

Her honest countenance was never seen there again. She had found her home, and, happy in doing and receiving good, she went on her way.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Ike Marvel, in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," thus writes:—"A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny with no tie linking him to infinity, and to the wondrous eternity that is begun within; but a woman without it, is even worse—a flame without a heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may in some sort tie his frail hopes and his honors to this weak, shifting ground-tackle, to his business or the world; but a woman without that anchor called Faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a sort of moral responsibility out of relations to mankind; but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to truthfulness, in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms if not in Heaven? And that sweet trustfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene of life—lighting them with pleasant radiance, when the world's storms break like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul, tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?"

How can I come to know myself? Not by contemplation; by action only. Do your duty, and you will know your value.

COLULA, THE INDIAN SYBIL.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEEBER.

[“In each ear they have commonly three great holes, whereat they hang chains, bracelets or copper. Some of the men wear in those holes, a small Greene and yellow-coloured snake, near half a yard in length, which crawling and lapping itselfe around his neck, oftentimes familiarly would kiss his lips.”—From “*the generall historie of Virginia and the Summer Isles, &c.* by Captaine John Smith, sometime Governour in those countreys and Admirall of New England. From 1584 to 1626.”]

Six moons Colula was a bride;
How quick such moons aye wax and wane!
Her heart's love on the seventh died;
Colula never smiled again.

An hour she sat without a tear.
Beside the stiffened corpse I ween,
Then slowly from each clay-cold ear
She took a snake of vivid green.

Colula's ears have rosy tips,
From which hang pearl and precious stone;
These now must suffer dim eclipse,
“My ear-rings now be snakes alone.”

“Come! coil around my heaving heart,
Come! nestle in this long, black hair,
And where my lips prophetic part,
Red quivering serpent-tongues be there.”

Then often on the dizzy verge
Of that tall bridge by nature reared,
She sings her hero's funeral dirge
Midst wailing winds and echoes wierd.

Oft to Weyer's magic cave she hies
Where heaves tall shaft and crystal spar,
And onwards there, with Sibyl-eyes,
Without a torch she wanders far.

Sorrow has sharpened so her sight,
The future on her vision breaks,
And thronging red men with affright
View that young Sibyl with her snakes.

For who would press those lips, though red,
Where toying serpents have been seen,
Or who caress the lovely head,
Round which those tangled coils have been?

By Shenandoah long she roams
And by Potomac's broader tide,
Till plunging where his cataract foams,
Adown the cliffs Colula died.

THE CHILD'S COMPANION.

A little child went wandering
Through life's uncertain ways,
With never changing purity
Upon his cherub face.

His hand seemed clasping tenderly
A dear, though viewless guide,
He gently moved, as keeping step
With some one at his side.

When overcome with weariness,
With hunger, pain or grief,
He pressed the hand beseechingly,
And quickly found relief.

He suffered not from loneliness,
That friendless orphan child,
For he had sweet companionship
In town and desert wild.

To join in strife or revelry;
If he inclined to stray,
He felt a touch restraining him,
And leading him away.

He chafed not at this watchfulness,
But blest his loving care,
Who walked with him so faithfully,
Amid the silent air.

At length that childish countenance
Grew pallid with disease,
His frame was weak and tottering,
And trembling were his knees.

Then on support invisible,
More fondly he would lean,
And added peace and holiness
Were on his features seen.

He smiled to see how rapidly
He wasted to the bone,
For thus he felt more certainly
The hand that clasped his own.

One morning he was motionless—
Relaxed his tender hold—
The body of the wanderer
Was lifeless, stiff and cold.

But when amid the dawning light,
Above, he seemed to die,
Two shining spirits, hand in hand,
Went soaring up the sky.

The Schoolfellow.

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasised his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the school-master's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellars in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum-pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

"In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

The speaker, and the school-master, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

CHAPTER II.

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to

be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms, Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words "boys and girls" for "sir," Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellars before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanising apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtsying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl, in a trembling voice, and with another curtsy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any

to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely whitewashed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sun-beam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous color from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little color he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth; namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the Spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age

known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind. "You know what a horse is."

She curtsied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennæ of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer: in his way (and in most other people's, too) a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat like a bolus, always to be heard of at the bar of his little Public-office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic phraseology, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent (he always fought All England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common-sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time. And he had it in charge from high authority to bring about the great public-office Millennium, when Commissioners should reign upon earth.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is, in these examinations.

"Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, "Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it."

"You must paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell

as you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" from one half. "No, sir!" from the other.

"Of course, no," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes; among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room—or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy——"

"Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Mary Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And "Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

The girl curtsied and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter of fact prospect the world afforded.

"Now, if Mr. M'Choakumchild," said the gentleman, "will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy, at your request, to observe his mode of procedure."

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged. "Mr. M'Choakumchild, we only wait for you."

So, Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other school-masters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many piano-forte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land surveying and levelling, vocal music and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stoney way into Her Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the world, (whatever they are,) and all

the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone, M'Choakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!

He went to work in this preparatory lesson, not unlike Morgiana in the *Forty Thieves*: looking into all the vessels ranged before him, one after another, to see what they contained. Say, good M'Choakumchild! When from thy boiling store, thou shalt fill each jar brimful by and by, dost thou think that thou wilt always kill outright the robber Fancy lurking within—or sometimes only maim him and distort him!

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Gradgrind walked homeward from the school, in a state of considerable satisfaction. It was his school, and he intended it to be a model. He intended every child in it to be a model—just as the young Gradgrinds were all models.

There were five young Gradgrinds, and they were models every one. They had been lectured at, from their tenderest years; coursed, like little hares. Almost as soon as they could run alone, they had been made to run to the lecture-room. The first object with which they had an association, or of which they had a remembrance, was a large black board with a dry Ogre chalking ghastly white figures on it.

Not that they knew, by name or nature, anything about an Ogre. Fact forbid! I only use the word to express a monster in a lecturing castle, with Heaven knows how many heads manipulated into one, taking childhood captive, and dragging it into gloomy statistical dens by the hair.

No little Gradgrind had ever seen a face in the moon; it was up in the moon before it could speak distinctly. No little Gradgrind had ever learnt the silly jingle, *Twinkle, twinkle, little star*; how I wonder what you are; it had never known wonder on the subject, having at five years old dissected the Great Bear like a Professor Owen, and driven Charles's Wain like a locomotive engine-driver. No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field with that famous cow with the crumpled horn who

tossed the dog who worried the cat who killed the rat who ate the malt, or with that yet more famous cow who swallowed Tom Thumb; it had never heard of those celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a graminivorous, ruminating quadruped, with several stomachs.

To his matter of fact home, which was called Stone Lodge, Mr. Gradgrind directed his steps. He had virtually retired from the wholesale hardware trade before he built Stone Lodge, and was now looking about for a suitable opportunity of making an arithmetical figure in Parliament. Stone Lodge was situated on a moor within a mile or two of a great town—called Coketown in the present faithful guide-book.

A very regular feature on the face of the country, Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncompromising fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes. A calculated, cast up, balanced, and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six on that side; a total of twelve in this wing, a total of twelve in the other wing; four and twenty carried over to the back. A lawn and garden, and an infant avenue, all ruled straight like a botanical account-book. Gas, and ventilation, drainage and water-service, all of the primest quality. Iron clamps and girders, fire-proof from top to bottom; mechanical lifts for the housemaids, with all their brushes and brooms; everything that heart could desire.

Everything? Well, I suppose so. The little Gradgrinds had cabinets in various departments of science, too. They had a little conchological cabinet, and a little metallurgical cabinet; and a little mineralogical cabinet; and the specimens were all arranged and labelled, and the bits of stone and ore looked as though they might have been broken from the parent substances by those tremendously hard instruments their own names; and to paraphrase the idle legend of Peter Piper, who had never found his way into their nursery. If the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at more than this, what was it for good gracious goodness sake, that the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at!

Their father walked on in a hopeful and satisfied frame of mind. He was an affectionate

father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself (if he had been put, like Sissy Jupe, upon a definition) as "an eminently practical" father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him. Whatsoever the public meeting held in Coketown, and whatsoever the subject of such meeting, some Coketowner was sure to seize the occasion of alluding to his eminently practical friend Gradgrind. This always pleased the eminently practical friend. He knew it to be his due, but his due was acceptable.

He had reached the neutral ground upon the outskirts of the town, which was neither town nor country, and yet was either spoiled, when his ears were invaded by the sound of music. The clashing and banging band attached to the horse-riding establishment which had there set up its rest in a wooden pavilion, was in full bray. A flag, floating from the summit of the temple, proclaimed to mankind that it was "Sleary's Horse-riding" which claimed their suffrages. Sleary himself, a stout modern statue with a money-box at his elbow, in an ecclesiastical niche of early Gothic architecture, took the money. Miss Josephine Sleary, as some very long and very narrow strips of printed bill announced, was then inaugurating the entertainments with her graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act. Among the other pleasing but always strictly moral wonders which must be seen to be believed, Signor Jupe was that afternoon to "elucidate the diverting accomplishments of his highly trained performing dog Merrylegs." He was also to exhibit "his astounding feat of throwing seventy-five hundred weight in rapid succession backbanded over his head, thus forming a fountain of solid iron in mid-air, a feat never before attempted in this or any other country, and which having elicited such rapturous plaudits from enthusiastic throngs it cannot be withdrawn." The same Signor Jupe was to "enliven the varied performances at frequent intervals with his chaste Shaksperian quips and retorts." Lastly, he was to wind them up by appearing in his favorite character of Mr. William Button, of Tooley Street, in "the highly novel and laughable hippo-comedietta of The Tailor's Journey to Brentford."

Thomas Gradgrind took no heed of these trivialities, of course, but passed on as a practi-

cal man ought to pass on, either brushing the noisy insects from his thoughts, or consigning them to the House of Correction. But the turning of the road took him by the back of the booth, and at the back of the booth a number of children were congregated in a number of stealthy attitudes, striving to peep in at the hidden glories of the place.

This brought him to a stop. "Now, to think of these vagabonds," said he, "attracting the young rabble from a model school!"

A space of stunted grass and dry rubbish being between him and the young rabble, he took his eyeglass out of his waistcoat to look for any child he knew by name, and might order off. Phenomenon almost incredible though distinctly seen, what did he then behold but his own metallurgical Louisa peeping with all her might through a hole in a deal-board, and his own mathematical Thomas abasing himself on the ground to catch but a hoof of the graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act!

Dumb with amazement, Mr Gradgrind crossed to the spot where his family was thus disgraced, laid his hand upon each erring child, and said:

"Louisa!! Thomas!!"

Both rose, red and disconcerted. But, Louisa looked at her father with more boldness than Thomas did. Indeed, Thomas did not look at him, but gave himself up to be taken home like a machine.

"In the name of wonder, idleness, and folly!" said Mr. Gradgrind, leading each away by the hand; "what do you do here?"

"Wanted to see what it was like," returned Louisa shortly.

"What it was like?"

"Yes, father."

There was an air of jaded sullenness in them both, and particularly in the girl; yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression. Not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes on a blind face groping its way.

She was a child now, of fifteen or sixteen; but at no distant day would seem to become a woman all at once. Her father thought so as

he looked at her. She was pretty. Would have been self-willed (he thought in his eminently practical way) but for her bringing-up.

"Thomas, though I have the fact before me, I find it difficult to believe that you, with your education and resources, should have brought your sister to a scene like this."

"I brought him, father," said Louisa, quickly. "I asked him to come."

"I am sorry to hear it. I am very sorry indeed to hear it. It makes Thomas no better, and it makes you worse, Louisa."

She looked at her father again, but no tear fell down her cheek.

"You! Thomas and you, to whom the circle of the sciences is open, Thomas and you who may be said to be replete with facts, Thomas and you who have been trained to mathematical exactness, Thomas and you here!" cried Mr. Gradgrind. "In this degraded position! I am amazed."

"I was tired, father. I have been tired a long time," said Louisa.

"Tired? Of what?" asked the astonished father.

"I don't know of what—of everything I think."

"Say not another word," returned Mr. Gradgrind. "You are childish. I will hear no more." He did not speak again until they had walked some half-a-mile in silence, when he gravely broke out with: "What would your best friends say, Louisa? Do you attach no value to their good opinion? What would Mr. Bounderby say?"

At the mention of this name, his daughter stole a look at him, remarkable for its intense and searching character. He saw nothing of it, for before he looked at her she had again cast down her eyes!

"What," he repeated presently, "would Mr. Bounderby say?" All the way to Stone Lodge, as with grave indignation he led the two delinquents home, he repeated at intervals, "What would Mr. Bounderby say?"—as if Mr. Bounderby had been Mrs. Grundy.

CHAPTER IV.

Not being Mrs. Grundy, who was Mr. Bounderby?

Why, Mr. Bounderby was as near being Mr. Gradgrind's bosom friend, as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that

spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr. Bounderby—or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and a forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr. Bounderby, looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness.

In the formal drawing-room of Stone Lodge, standing on the hearth-rug, warming himself before the fire, Mr. Bounderby delivered some observations to Mrs. Gradgrind on the circumstance of its being his birthday. He stood before the fire, partly because it was a cool Spring afternoon, though the sun shone; partly because the shade of Stone Lodge was always haunted by the ghost of damp mortar; partly because he thus took up a commanding position, from which to subdue Mrs. Gradgrind.

"I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch."

Mrs. Gradgrind, a little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect, and who,

whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her; Mrs. Gradgrind hoped it was a dry ditch?

"No! As wet as a sop. A foot of water in it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Enough to give a baby cold," Mrs. Gradgrind considered.

"Cold? I was born with inflammation of the lungs, and of everything else, I believe, that was capable of inflammation," returned Mr. Bounderby. "For years, ma'am, I was one of the most miserable little wretches ever seen. I was so sickly, that I was always moaning and groaning. I was so ragged and dirty, that you wouldn't have touched me with a pair of tongs."

Mrs. Gradgrind faintly looked at the tongs, as the most appropriate thing her imbecility could think of doing.

"How I fought through it, I don't know," said Bounderby. "I was determined, I suppose. I have been a determined character in later life, and I suppose I was then. Here I am, Mrs. Gradgrind, anyhow, and nobody to thank for my being here but myself."

Mrs. Gradgrind meekly and weakly hoped that his mother—

"My mother? Bolted, ma'am!" said Bounderby.

Mrs. Gradgrind, stunned as usual, collapsed and gave it up.

"My mother left me to my grandmother," said Bounderby; "and, according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and the worst old woman that ever lived. If I got a little pair of shoes by any chance, she would take 'em off and sell 'em for drink. Why, I have known that grandmother of mine lie in her bed and drink her fourteen glasses of liquor before breakfast!"

Mrs. Gradgrind, weakly smiling, and giving no other sign of vitality, looked (as she always did) like an indifferently executed transparency of a small female figure, without enough light behind it.

"She kept a chandler's shop," pursued Bounderby, "and kept me in an egg-box. That was the cot of my infancy; an old egg-box. As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young vagabond; and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me,

everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. They were right; they had no business to do anything else. I was a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest. I know that, very well."

His pride in having at any time of his life achieved such a great social distinction as to be a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest, was only to be satisfied by three sonorous repetitions of the boast.

"I was to pull through it suppose, Mrs. Gradgrind. Whether I was to do it or not, ma'am I did it. I pulled though it, though nobody threw me out a rope. Vagabond, errand boy, vagabond, laborer, porter, clerk, chief, manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Those are the antecedents, and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, Mrs. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple clock of St. Giles's Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, of your district schools and your model schools, and your training schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish of schools; and Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, tells you plainly, all right, all correct—he hadn't such advantages—but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people—the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well—such and such his education was, however, and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life."

Being heated when he arrived at this climax, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown stopped. He stopped just as his eminently practical friend, still accompanied by the two young culprits, entered the room. His eminently practical friend, on seeing him, stopped also, and gave Louisa a reproachful look that plainly said, "Behold your Bounderby!"

"Well!" blustered Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter? What is young Thomas in the dumps about?"

He spoke of young Thomas, but he looked at Louisa.

"We were peeping at the circus," muttered Louisa, haughtily, without lifting up her eyes, "and father caught us."

"And Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband in a lofty manner, "I should as soon have expected to find my children reading poetry."

"Dear me," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind. "How can you, Louisa and Thomas? I wonder at you. I declare you're enough to make one regret ever having had a family at all. I have a great mind to say I wish I hadn't. Then, what would you have done, I should like to know?"

Mr. Gradgrind did not seem favorably impressed by these cogent remarks. He frowned impatiently.

"As if, with my head in its present throbbing state, you couldn't go and look at the shells and minerals and things provided for you, instead of circuses!" said Mrs. Gradgrind. "You know, as well as I do, no young people have circus-masters, or keep circuses in cabinets, or attend lectures about circuses. What can you possibly want to know of circuses, then? I am sure you have enough to do, if that's what you want. With my head in its present state, I couldn't remember the mere names of half the facts you have got to attend to."

"That's the reason," pouted Louisa.

"Don't tell me that's the reason, because it can be nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Gradgrind. "Go and be somethingolical directly." Mrs. Gradgrind was not a scientific character, and usually dismissed her children to their studies with this general injunction to choose their pursuit.

In truth, Mrs. Gradgrind's stock of facts in general was woefully defective, but Mr. Gradgrind in raising her to her high matrimonial position had been influenced by two reasons.

Firstly, she was most satisfactory as a question of figures; and, secondly, she had "no nonsense" about her. By nonsense he meant fancy; and truly it is probable she was as free from any alloy of that nature, as any human being not arrived at the perfection of an absolute idiot, ever was.

The simple circumstance of being left alone with her husband and Mr. Bounderby, was sufficient to stun this admirable lady again, without collision between herself and any other fact. So, she once more died away, and nobody minded her.

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, drawing a chair to the fireside, "you are always so in-

terested in my young people—particularly in Louisa—that I make no apology for saying to you, I am very much vexed by this discovery. I have systematically devoted myself (as you know) to the education of the reason of my family. The reason is (as you know) the only faculty to which education should be addressed. And yet, Bounderby, it would appear from this unexpected circumstance of to-day, though in itself a trifling one, as if something had crept into Thomas's and Louisa's minds which is—or rather, which is not—I don't know that I can express myself better than by saying—which has never been intended to be developed, and in which their reason has no part."

"There certainly is no reason in looking with interest at a parcel of vagabonds," returned Bounderby. "When I was a vagabond myself, nobody looked with any interest at me; I know that."

"Then comes the question," said the eminently practical father, with his eyes on the fire, "in what has this vulgar curiosity its rise?"

"I'll tell you in what. In idle imagination."

"I hope not," said the eminently practical; "I confess, however, that the misgiving has crossed me on my way home."

"In idle imagination, Gradgrind," repeated Bounderby. "A very bad thing for anybody, but a cursed bad thing for a girl like Louisa. I should ask Mrs. Gradgrind's pardon for strong expressions, but that she knows very well I am not a refined character. Whoever expects refinement in me will be disappointed. I hadn't a refined bringing up."

"Whether," said Mr. Gradgrind, pondering with his hands in his pockets, and his cavernous eyes on the fire, "whether any instructor or servant can have suggested anything? Whether Louisa or Thomas can have been reading anything? Whether, in spite of all precautions, any idle story-book can have got into the house? Because, by minds that have been practically formed by rule and line, from the cradle upwards, this is so curious, so incomprehensible."

"Stop a bit!" cried Bounderby, who all this time had been standing, as before, on the hearth, bursting at the very furniture of the room with explosive humility. "You have one of those strollers' children in the school."

"Cecilia Jupe by name," said Mr. Grad-

grind, with something of a stricken look at his friend.

"Now, stop a bit!" cried Bounderby again. "How did she come there?"

"Why, the fact is, I saw the girl myself for the first time, only just now. She specially applied here at the house to be admitted, as not regularly belonging to our town, and—yes, you are right, Bounderby, you are right."

"Now, stop a bit," cried Bounderby, once more. "Louisa saw her when she came?"

"Louisa certainly did see her, for she mentioned the application to me. But Louisa saw her, I have no doubt, in Mrs. Gradgrind's presence."

"Pray, Mrs. Grandgrind," said Bounderby, "what passed?"

"Oh, my poor health!" returned Mrs. Gradgrind. "The girl wanted to come to the school, and Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come to the school, and Louisa and Thomas both said that the girl wanted to come, and, that Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come, and how was it possible to contradict them when such was the fact!"

"Now I tell you what, Gradgrind!" said Mr. Bounderby. "Turn this girl to the right about, and there's an end of it."

"I am much of your opinion."

"Do it at once," said Bounderby, "has always been my motto from a child. When I thought I would run away from my egg-box and my grandmother, I did it at once. Do you the same. Do this at once."

"Are you walking?" asked his friend. "I have the father's address. Perhaps you would not mind walking to town with me?"

"Not the least in the world," said Mr. Bounderby, "as long as you do it at once!"

So, Mr. Bounderby threw on his hat—he always threw it on, as expressing a man who had been far too busily employed in making himself to acquire any fashion of wearing his hat—and with his hands in his pockets sauntered out into the hall. "I never wear gloves," it was his custom to say. "I didn't climb up the ladder in them. Shouldn't be so high up if I had."

Being left to saunter in the hall a minute or two, while Mr. Gradgrind went up stairs for the address, he opened the door of the children's study, and looked into that serene floor-clothed apartment, which, notwithstanding its

book-cases and its cabinets, and its variety of learned and philosophical appliances, had much of the genial aspect of a room devoted to hair-cutting. Louisa languidly leaned upon the window, looking out without looking at anything, while young Thomas stood sniffing revengefully at the fire. Adam Smith and Malthus, two younger Gradgrinds, were out at lecture in custody; and little Jane, after manufacturing a good deal of moist pipe-clay on her face with slate-pencil and tears, had fallen asleep over vulgar fractions.

"It's all right, now, Louisa; it's all right, young Thomas," said Mr. Bounderby; "you won't do so any more. I'll answer for its being all over with father. Well, Louisa, that's worth a kiss, isn't it?"

"You can take one, Mr. Bounderby," returned Louisa, when she had coldly paused, and slowly walked across the room, and ungraciously raised her cheek towards him, with her face turned away.

"Always my pet; an't you, Louisa?" said Mr. Bounderby. "Good bye, Louisa!"

He went his way, but she stood on the same spot, rubbing the cheek he had kissed, with her handkerchief, until it was burning red. She was still doing this five minutes afterwards.

"What are you about, Loo?" her brother sulkily remonstrated. "You'll rub a hole in your face."

"You may cut the piece out with your pen-knife, if you like, Tom. I wouldn't cry!"

CHAPTER V.

Coketown, to which Messrs. Bounderby and Gradgrind now walked, was a triumph of fact; it had no greater taint of fancy in it than Mrs. Gradgrind herself. Let us strike the key-note, Coketown, before pursuing our tune.

It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but, as matters stood, it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building, full of windows, where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long,

and where the piston of the steam engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets, all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and to-morrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

These attributes of Coketown were in the main inseparable from the work by which it was sustained; against them were to be set off, comforts of life which found their way all over the world, and elegances of life which made we will not ask how much of the fine lady who could scarcely bear to hear the place mentioned. The rest of its features were voluntary, and they were these.

You saw nothing in Coketown but what was severely useful. If the members of a religious persuasion built a chapel there—as the members of eighteen religious persuasions had done—they made it a pious warehouse, of red brick, with sometimes (but this only in highly ornamented examples) a bell in a birdcage on the top of it. The solitary exception was the new church; a stuccoed edifice, with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four stunted pinnacles like florid wooden legs. All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, and the town hall might have been either, or both, or anything else, for anything that appeared to the contrary in the graces of their construction. Fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the material aspect of the town; fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the immaterial. The M'Choakumchild school was all fact, and the school of design was all fact, and the relations between master and man were all fact, and everything was fact between the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, and what you couldn't state in figures, or show to be purchaseable in the cheapest market, and saleable in the dearest, was not, and never should be, world without end, Amen.

A town so sacred to fact, and so triumphant

in its assertion, of course, got on well? Why, no; not quite well. No? Dear me!

No. Coketown did not come out of its own furnaces in all respects like gold that had stood the fire. First, the perplexing mystery of the place was, Who belonged to the eighteen denominations? Because, whoever did, the laboring people did not. It was very strange to walk through the streets on a Sunday morning, and note how few of *them* the barbarous jangling of bells that was driving the sick and nervous mad, called away from their own quater, from their own close rooms, from the corners of their own streets, where they lounged listlessly, gazing at all the church and chapel going, as at a thing with which they had no manner of concern. Nor was it merely the stranger who noticed this, because there was a native organization in Coketown itself, whose members were to be heard of in the House of Commons, every session, indignantly petitioning for acts of Parliament that should make these people religious by main force. Then came the Teetotal Society, who complained that these same people *would* get drunk, and showed in tabular statements that they did get drunk, and proved at tea parties that no inducement, human or divine (except a medal), would induce them to forego their custom of getting drunk. Then, came the chemist and druggist, with other tabular statements, showing that when they didn't get drunk, they took opium. Then, came the experienced chaplain of the jail, with more tabular statements, confirming all the previous tabular statements, and showing that the same people *would* resort to low haunts, hidden from the public eye, where they heard low singing and saw low dancing, and mayhap joined in it; and where A. B., aged twenty-four next birthday, and committed for eighteen months solitary, had himself said (not that he had ever shown himself particularly worthy of belief) his ruin began, as he was perfectly sure and confident that otherwise he would have been a tip-top moral specimen. Then, came Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby, the two gentlemen at this present moment walking through Coketown, and both eminently practical, who could, on occasion, furnish more tabular statements derived from their own personal experience, and illustrated by cases they had known and seen, from which it clearly

appeared—in short, it was the only clear thing in the case—that these same people were a bad lot altogether, gentlemen; that, do what you would for them, they were never thankful for it, gentlemen: that they were restless, gentlemen; that they never knew what they wanted; that they lived upon the best, and bought fresh butter, and insisted on Mocha coffee, and rejected all but prime parts of meat; and yet were eternally dissatisfied and unmanageable. In short, it was the moral of the old nursery fable:—

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Viduals and drink were the whole of her diet,
And yet this old woman would never be quiet.

Is it possible, I wonder, that there was any analogy between the case of the Coketown population and the case of the little Gradgrinds? Surely, none of us in our sober senses and acquainted with figures, are to be told at this time of day that one of the foremost elements in the existence of the Coketown working people had been for scores of years, deliberately set at naught? That there was any fancy in them demanding to be brought into healthy existence instead of struggling on in convulsions? That exactly in the ratio as they worked long and monotonously, the craving grew within them for some physical relief—some relaxation, encouraging good humor and good spirits, and giving them a vent—some holiday, though it were but for an honest dance to a stirring band of music—some occasional light pie in which even M'Choakumchild had no finger—which craving must and would be satisfied aright, or must and would inevitably go wrong, until the laws of the Creation were repealed?

"This man lives at Pod's End, and I don't quite know Pod's End," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Which is it, Bounderby?"

Mr. Bounderby knew it was somewhere down town, but knew no more respecting it. So they stopped for a moment, looking about.

Almost as they did so, there came running round the corner of the street, at a quick pace and with a frightened look, a girl whom Mr. Gradgrind recognised. "Halloa!" said he. "Stop! Where are you going? Stop!" Girl number twenty stopped then, palpitating, and made him a curtsy.

"Why are you tearing about the streets,"

said Mr. Gradgrind, "in this improper manner?"

"I was—I was run after, sir," the girl panted, "and I wanted to get away."

"Run after?" repeated Mr. Gradgrind. "Who would run after you?"

The question was unexpectedly and suddenly answered for her, by the colorless boy, Bitzer, who came round the corner with such blind speed and so little anticipating a stoppage on the pavement, that he brought himself up against Mr. Gradgrind's waistcoat, and rebounded into the road.

"What do you mean, boy?" said Mr. Gradgrind. "What are you doing? How dare you dash against—everybody—in this manner?"

Bitzer picked up his cap, which the concussion had knocked off, and backing, and knocking his forehead, pleaded that it was an accident.

"Was this boy running after you, Jupe?" asked Mr. Gradgrind.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, reluctantly.

"No, I wasn't, sir!" cried Bitzer. "Not till she run away from me. But the horse-riders never mind what they say, sir; they're famous for it. You know the horse-riders are famous for never minding what they say," addressing Sissy. "It's as well known in the town as—please, sir, as the multiplication table isn't known to the horse-riders." Bitzer tried Mr. Bounderby with this.

"He frightened me so," said the girl, "with his cruel faces!"

"Oh!" cried Bitzer. "Oh! An't you one of the rest! An't you a horse-rider! I never looked at her, sir. I asked her if she would know how to define a horse to-morrow, and offered to tell her again, and she ran away, and I ran after her, sir, that she might know how to answer when she was asked. You wouldn't have thought of saying such mischief if you hadn't been a horse-rider!"

"Her calling seems to be pretty well known among 'em," observed Mr. Bounderby. "You'd have had the whole school peeping in a row, in a week."

"Truly, I think so," returned his friend. "Bitzer, turn you about and take yourself home. Jupe, stay here a moment. Let me hear of your running in this manner any more, boy, and you will hear of me through the

master of the school. You understand what I mean. Go along."

The boy stopped in his rapid blinking, knuckled his forehead again, glanced at Sissy, turned about, and retreated.

"Now, girl," said Mr. Gradgrind, "take this gentleman and me to your father's; we are going there. What have you got in that bottle you are carrying?"

"Gin," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Dear, no, sir! It's the nine oils."

"The what?" cried Mr. Bounderby.

"The nine oils, sir. To rub father with."

"Then," said Mr. Bounderby, with a loud, short laugh, "what do you rub your father with nine oils for?"

"It's what our people always use, sir, when they get any hurts in the ring," replied the girl, looking over her shoulder, to assure herself that her pursuer was gone. "They bruise themselves very bad, sometimes."

"Serve 'em right," said Mr. Bounderby, "for being idle."

She glanced up at his face, with mingled astonishment and dread.

"By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, "when I was four or five years younger than you, I had worse bruises upon me than ten oils, twenty oils, forty oils would have rubbed off. I didn't get 'em by posture making, but by being banged about. There was no rope-dancing for me; I danced on the bare ground, and was larruped with the rope."

Mr. Gradgrind, though hard enough, was by no means so rough a man as Mr. Bounderby. His character was not unkind, all things considered; it might have been a positively kind one if he had only made a good round mistake in the arithmetic that balanced it, some years ago. He said, in what he meant for a reassuring tone, as they turned down a narrow road, "And this is Pod's End; is it, Jupe?"

"This is it, sir, and—if you wouldn't mind, sir—this is the house."

She stopped, at twilight, at the door of a mean, little public house, with dim, red lights in it. As haggard and as shabby as if, for want of custom, it had itself taken to drinking, and had gone the way all drunkards go, and was very near the end of it.

"It's only crossing the bar, sir, and up the stairs, if you wouldn't mind, and waiting there for a moment till I get a candle. If you

should hear a dog, sir, it's only Merrylegs, and he only barks."

"Merrylegs and nine oils, eh!" said Mr. Bounderby, entering last, with his metallic laugh. "Pretty well, this, for a self-made man!"

CHAPTER VI.

The name of the public house was the Pegasus's Arms. The Pegasus's legs might have been more to the purpose; but, underneath the winged horse upon the sign-board, the Pegasus's Arms was inscribed in Roman letters. Beneath that inscription again, in a flowing scroll, the painter had touched off the lines

Good malt makes good beer,
Walk in, and they'll draw it here;
Good wine makes good brandy,
Give us a call, and you'll find it handy.

Framed and glazed upon the wall behind the dingy little bar, was another Pegasus—a theatrical one—with real gauze let in for his wings, golden stars stuck on all over him, and his ethereal harness made of red silk.

As it had grown too dusky without, to see the sign, and as it had not grown light enough within to see the picture, Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby received no offence from these idealities. They followed the girl up some steep corner stairs without meeting any one, and stopped in the dark while she went on for a candle. They expected every moment to hear Merrylegs give tongue, but the highly-trained performing dog had not barked when the girl and the candle appeared together.

"Father is not in our room, sir," she said, with a face of great surprise. "If you wouldn't mind walking in, I'll find him directly."

They walked in; and Sissy having set two chairs for them, sped away with a quick light step. It was a mean, shabbily furnished room, with a bed in it. The white nightcap, embellished with two peacock's feathers and a pig-tail bolt upright, in which Signor Jupe had that very afternoon enlivened the varied performances with his chaste Shaksperian quips and retorts, hung upon a nail; but no other portion of his wardrobe, or other token of himself or his pursuits, was to be seen anywhere. As to Merrylegs, that respectable ancestor of the highly-trained animal who went aboard the ark, might have been accidentally shut out of it, for any sign of a dog that was manifest to eye or ear in the Pegasus's Arms.

They heard the doors of rooms above opening and shutting, as Sissy went from one to another, in quest of her father; and presently they heard voices expressing surprise. She came bounding down again in a great hurry, opened a battered and mangy old hair-trunk, found it empty, and looked round with her hands clasped and her face full of terror.

"Father must have gone down to the Booth, sir. I don't know why he should go there, but he must be there; I'll bring him in a minute!"

She was gone directly, without her bonnet; with her long, dark, childish hair streaming behind her.

"What does she mean!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Back in a minute? It's more than a mile off."

Before Mr. Bounderby could reply, a young man appeared at the door, and introducing himself with the words, "By your leaves, gentlemen!" walked in with his hands in his pockets. His face, close-shaven, thin, and sallow, was shaded by a great quantity of dark hair brushed into a roll all round his head, and parted up the centre. His legs were very robust, but shorter than legs of good proportions should have been. His chest and back were as much too broad, as his legs were too short. He was dressed in a Newmarket coat and tight-fitting trousers; wore a shawl round his neck; smelt of lamp-oil, straw, orange-peel, horses' provender, and sawdust; and looked a most remarkable sort of Centaur, compounded of the stable and the play-house. Where the one began, and the other ended, nobody could have told with any precision. This gentleman was mentioned in the bills of the day as Mr. E. W. B. Childers, so justly celebrated for his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies; in which popular performance, a diminutive boy with an old face, who now accompanied him, assisted as his infant son; being carried upside down over his father's shoulder, by one foot, and held by the crown of his head, heels upwards, in the palm of his father's hand, according to the violent paternal manner in which wild huntsmen may be observed to fondle their offspring. Made up with curls, wreaths, wings, white bismuth, and carmine, this hopeful young person soared into so pleasing a Cupid as to constitute the chief delight of the maternal part of

the spectators; but, in private, where his characteristics were a precocious cutaway coat and an extremely gruff voice, he became of the Turf, turf.

"By your leaves, gentlemen," said Mr. E. W. B. Childers, glancing round the room. "It was you, I believe, that were wishing to see Jupe?"

"It was," said Mr. Gradgrind. "His daughter has gone to fetch him, but I can't wait; therefore, if you please, I will leave a message for him with you."

"You see, my friend," Mr. Bounderby put in, "we are the kind of people who know the value of time, and you are the kind of people who don't know the value of time."

"I have not," retorted Mr. Childers, after surveying him from head to foot, "the honor of knowing you;—but if you mean that you can make more money of your time than I can of mine, I should judge from your appearance, that you are about right."

"And when you have made it, you can keep it too, I should think," said Cupid.

"Kidderminster, stow that!" said Mr. Childers. (Master Kidderminster was Cupid's mortal name.)

"What does he come here checking us for, then?" cried Master Kidderminster, showing a very irascible temperament. "If you want to check us, pay your ochre at the doors and take it out."

"Kidderminster," said Mr. Childers, raising his voice, "stow that!—Sir," to Mr. Gradgrind, "I was addressing myself to you. You may, or you may not, be aware (for perhaps you have not been much in the audience,) that Jupe has missed his tip very often, lately."

"Has—what has he missed?" asked Mr. Gradgrind, glancing at the potent Bounderby for assistance.

"Missed his tip."

"Offered at the Garters four times last night, and never done 'em once," said Master Kidderminster. "Missed his tip at the banners, too, and was loose in his ponging."

"Didn't do what he ought to do. Was short in his leaps, and bad in his tumbling," Mr. Childers interpreted.

"Oh," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that is tip, is it?"

"In a general way, that's missing his tip," Mr. E. W. B. Childers answered.

"Nine-olls, Merrylegs, missing tips, garters, banners and ponging, eh!" ejaculated Bounderby, with his laugh of laughs. "Queer sort of company, too, for a man who has raised himself."

"Lower yourself, then," retorted Cupid. "If you've raised yourself so high as all that comes to, let yourself down a bit."

"This is a very obtrusive lad!" said Mr. Gradgrind, turning, and knitting his brows on him.

"We'd have had a young gentleman to meet you, if we had known you were coming," retorted Master Kidderminster, nothing abashed. "It's a pity you don't have a bespeak, being so particular. You're on the Tight-Jeff, ain't you?"

"What does this unmannerly boy mean," asked Mr. Gradgrind, eyeing him in a sort of desperation, "by Tight-Jeff?"

"There! Get out, get out!" said Mr. Childers, thrusting his young friend from the room, rather in a prairie manner. "Tight-Jeff or Slack-Jeff, it don't much signify; it's only tight-rope and slack-rope. You were going to give me a message for Jupe?"

"Yes, I was."

"Then," continued Mr. Childers, quickly, "my opinion is, he will never receive it. Do you know much of him?"

"I never saw the man in my life."

"I doubt if you ever *will* see him now. It's pretty plain to me he is off."

"Do you mean that he has deserted his daughter?"

"Ay! I mean," said Mr. Childers, with a nod, "that he has cut. He was goosed last night, he was goosed the night before last, he was goosed to-day. He has lately got in the way of being always goosed, and he can't stand it."

"Why has he been—so very much—Goosed?" asked Mr. Gradgrind, forcing the word out of himself, with great solemnity and reluctance.

"His joints are turning stiff, and he is getting used up," said Childers. "That's about the size of it. He has his points as a Cackler still, but he can't get a living out of them."

"A Cackler!" Bounderby repeated. "Here we go again!"

"A speaker, if the gentleman likes it better," said Mr. E. W. B. Childers, superciliously throwing his interpretation over his shoulder,

and accompanying it with a shake of his long hair—which all shook at once. "Now, it's a remarkable fact, sir, that it cut that man deeper, to know that his daughter knew of his being goosed, than to go through with it."

"Good!" interrupted Mr. Bounderby. "This is good, Gradgrind! A man so fond of his daughter, that he runs away from her! This is good! Ha! ha! Now, I'll tell you what, young man. I haven't always occupied my present station of life. I know what these things are. You may be astonished to hear it, but my mother ran away from me."

E. W. B. Childers replied pointedly, that he was not at all astonished to hear it.

"Very well," said Bounderby. "I was born in a ditch, and my mother ran away from me. Do I excuse her for it? No. Have I ever excused her for it? Not I. What do I call her for it? I call her probably the very worst woman that ever lived in the world, except my drunken grandmother. There's no family pride about me; there's no imaginative, sentimental humbug about me. I call a spade a spade; and I call the mother of Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, without any fear or any favor, what I should call her if she had been the mother of Dick Jones, of Wapping. So, with this man. He is a runaway rogue and a vagabond, that's what he is, in English."

"It's all the same to me what he is or what he is not, whether in English or whether in French," retorted Mr. E. W. B. Childers, facing about. "I am telling your friend what's the fact; if you don't like to hear it, you can avail yourself of the open air. You give it mouth enough, you do; but give it mouth in your own building at least," remonstrated E. W. B. with stern irony. "Don't give it mouth in this building, till you're called upon. You have got some building of your own, I dare say, now?"

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Bounderby, rattling his money and laughing.

"Then give it mouth in your own building, will you, if you please?" said Childers. "Because this isn't a strong building, and too much of you might bring it down!"

Eyeing Mr. Bounderby from head to foot again, he turned from him, as from a man finally disposed of, to Mr. Gradgrind.

"Jupe sent his daughter out on an errand not an hour ago, and then was seen to slip out

himself, with his hat over his eyes and a bundle tied up in a handkerchief under his arm. She will never believe it of him, but he has cut away and left her."

"Pray," said Mr. Gradgrind, "why will she never believe it of him?"

"Because those two were one. Because they were never asunder. Because up to this time, he seemed to dote upon her," said Childers, taking a step or two to look into the empty trunk.

Both Mr. Childers and Master Kidderminster walked in a curious manner; with their legs wider apart than the general run of men, and with a very knowing assumption of being stiff in the knees. This walk was common to all the male members of Sleary's company, and was understood to express, that they were always on horseback.

"Poor Sissy! He had better have apprenticed her," said Childers, giving his hair another shake, as he looked up from the empty box. "Now, he leaves her without anything to take to."

"It is creditable to you, who have never been apprenticed, to express that opinion," returned Mr. Gradgrind, approvingly.

"I never apprenticed? I was apprenticed when I was seven year old. Did the canvass, more or less, every day of my life till I was out of my time," said Childers.

Seeing Mr. Gradgrind at a loss, he explained very clearly by circular motion of his hand, and by the rapid interjections, "Hi! hi! hi!" uttered as stimulants to a supposititious horse, that doing the canvass was synonymous with riding round the ring.

"Oh! You mean that?" said Mr. Gradgrind, rather resentfully, as having been defrauded of his good opinion. "I was not aware of its being the custom to apprentice young persons to—"

"Idleness," Mr. Bounderby put in with a loud laugh. "No. Nor it!"

"Her father always had it in his head," resumed Childers, feigning unconsciousness of Mr. Bounderby's existence, "that she was to be taught the deuce-and-all of education. How it got into his head, I can't say; I can only say that it never got out. He has been picking up a bit of reading for her, here—and a bit of writing for her, there—and a bit of cyphering for her, somewhere else—these seven years. If

she had been apprenticed, she would have been doing the garlands in an independent way by this time."

Mr. E. W. B. Childers took one of his hands out of his pockets, stroked his face and chin, and looked, with a good deal of doubt and a little hope, at Mr. Gradgrind. From the first he had sought to conciliate that gentleman for the sake of the deserted girl.

"When Sissy got into the school here," pursued Mr. Childers, "her father was as pleased as Punch. I couldn't altogether make out why, myself, as we were not stationary here, being but comers and goers anywhere. I suppose, however, he had this move in his mind—he was always half-cracked—and then considered her provided for. If you should happen to have looked in to-night, for the purpose of telling him that you were going to do her any little service," said Mr. Childers, stroking his face again, and repeating his look, "it would be very fortunate and well timed; very fortunate and well timed."

"On the contrary," returned Mr. Gradgrind. "I came to tell him that her connexions made her not an object for the school, and that she must not attend any more. Still, if her father has really left her, without any connivance on her part—Bounderby, let me have a word with you."

Upon this, Mr. Childers politely betook himself, with his equestrian walk, to the landing outside the door, and there stood stroking his face and softly whistling.

While thus engaged, he overheard such phrases in Mr. Bounderby's voice, as "No. I say no. I advise you not. I say by no means." While, from Mr. Gradgrind, he heard in his much lower tone the words, "But even as an example to Louisa, of what this pursuit which has been the subject of a vulgar curiosity, leads to and ends in. Think of it, Bounderby, in that point of view."

Meanwhile, the various members of Sleary's company gradually gathered together from the upper regions, where they were quartered, and, standing about, talking in low voices to one another and to Mr. Childers, gradually insinuated themselves and him into the room. There were two or three handsome young women among them, with their two or three husbands, and their two or three mothers, and their eight or nine little children, who did the fairy

business when required. The father of one of the families was in the habit of balancing the father of another of the families on the top of a great pole; the father of a third family often made a pyramid of both those fathers, with Master Kidderminster for the apex, and himself for the base; all the fathers could dance upon rolling casks, stand upon bottles, catch knives and balls, twirl hand-basins, ride upon anything, jump over everything, and stick at nothing. All the mothers could (and did) dance, upon the slack wire and the tight rope, and perform rapid acts on bare-backed steeds; none of them were at all particular in respect of showing their legs; and one of them, alone in a Greek chariot, drove six in hand into every town they came to. They all assumed to be mighty rakish and knowing, they were not very tidy in their private dresses, they were not at all orderly in their domestic arrangements, and the combined literature of the whole company would have produced but a poor letter on any subject. Yet there was a remarkable gentleness and childishness about these people, a special inaptitude for any kind of sharp practice, and an untiring readiness to help and pity one another, deserving often of as much respect, and always of as much generous construction, as the every-day virtues of any class of people in the world.

Last of all appeared Mr. Sleary: a stout man as already mentioned, with one fixed eye and one loose eye, a voice (if it can be called so) like the efforts of a broken old pair of bellows, a flabby surface, and a muddled head which was never sober and never drunk.

"Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, who was troubled with asthma, and whose breath came far too thick and heavy for the letter s, "Your thervant! Thith ith a bad piethe of bithnith, thith ith. You've heard of my Clown and hith dog being thnppothed to have morritthed!"

He addressed Mr. Gradgrind, who answered "Yes."

"Well, Thquire," he returned, taking off his hat, and rubbing the lining with his pocket handkerchief, which he kept inside it for the purpose. "Ith it your intentionth to do anything for the poor girl, Tquire?"

"I shall have something to propose to her when she comes back," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Glad to hear it, Thquire. Not that I want to get rid of the child, any more than I want

to thtand in her way. I'm willing to take her prenthith, though at her age ith late. My voithe ith a little huthky, Thquire, and not eathy heard by them ath don't know me: but if you'd been chilled and heated, heated and chilled, chilled and heated, in the ring when you wath young, ath often ath I have been, your voithe wouldn't have lathed out, Thquire, no more than mine."

"I dare say not," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"What thall it be, Thquire, while you wait? Thall it be Therry? Give it a name. Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, with hospitable ease.

"Nothing for me, I thank you," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Don't thay nothing, Thquire. What doth your friend thay? If you havn't took your feed, yet have a glath of bitterth."

Here his daughter Josephine—a pretty fair-haired girl of eighteen, who had been tied on a horse at two years old, and had made a will at twelve, which she always carried about with her, expressive of her dying desire to be drawn to the grave by the two piebald ponies—cried, "Father, hush! she has come back!" Then came Sissy Jupe, running into the room as she had run out of it. And when she saw them all assembled, and saw their looks, and saw no father there, she broke into a most deplorable cry, and took refuge on the bosom of the most accomplished tight-rope lady, who knelt down on the floor to nurse her, and to weep over her.

"Ith a thame, upon my thcul it ith," said Sleary.

"Oh! my dear father, my good, kind father, where are you gone? You are gone to try to do me some good, I know! You are gone away for my sake, I am sure. And how miserable and helpless you will be without me, poor poor father, until you come back!"

It was so pathetic to hear her saying many things of this kind, with her face turned upward, and her arms stretched out as if she were trying to stop his departing shadow and embrace it, that no one spoke a word until Mr. Bounderby (growing impatient) took the case in hand.

"Now, good people all," said he, "this is wanton waste of time. Let the girl understand the fact. Let her take it from me, if you like, who have been run away from, myself. Here, what's your name! Your father

has absconded—deserted you—and you mustn't expect to see him again as long as you live."

They cared so little for plain Fact, these people, and were in that advanced state of degeneracy on the subject, that instead of being impressed by the speaker's strong common sense, they took it in extraordinary dudgeon. The men muttered "Shame!" and the women "Brute!" and Sleary, in some haste, communicated the following hint, apart to Mr. Bounderby.

"I tell you what, Thquire. To thepeak plain to you, my opinion ith that you had better cut it thort, and drop it. They're a very good natur'd people, my people, but they're accuthomed to be quick in their movementh; and if you don't act upon my advithe, they'll pith you out o' winder."

Mr. Bounderby being restrained by this mild suggestion, Mr. Gradgrind found an opening for his eminently practical exposition of the subject.

"It is of no moment," said he, "whether this person is to be expected back at any time, or the contrary. He is gone away, and there is no present expectation of his return. That, I believe, is agreed on all hands."

"Thath agreed, Thquire. Ththick to that!" From Sleary.

"Well, then. I, who came here to inform the father of the poor girl, Jupe, that she could not be received at the school any more, in consequence of there being practical objections, into which I need not enter, to the reception there of the children of persons so employed, am prepared in these altered circumstances to make a proposal. I am willing to take charge of you, Jupe, and to educate you, and provide for you. The only condition (over and above your good behaviour) I make is, that you decide, now, at once, whether to accompany me or remain here. Also, that if you accompany me, now, it is understood that you communicate no more with any of your friends, who are here present. These observations comprise the whole of the case."

"At the thame time," said Sleary, "I mutht put in my word, Thquire, tho that both thides of the banner may be equally theen. If you like, Thethilia, to be prentitht, you know the natur of the work, and you know your companionth. Emma Gordon, in whothe lap you're a lyin' at prethent, would be a mother

to you, and Joth'phine would be a thithter to you. I don't pretend to be of the angel breed mythelf, and I don't thay but what, when you mith'd your tip, you'd find me cut up rough, and thwear a oath or two at you. But what I thay, Thquire, ith, that good-tempered or bad-tempered I never did a hortha a injury yet, no more than thwearing at him went, and that I don't expect I thall begin otherwithe at my time of life, with a rider. I never wath muth of a Cackler, Thquire, and I have thed my thay."

The latter part of this speech was addressed to Mr. Gradgrind, who received it with a grave inclination of his head, and then remarked.

"The only observation I will make to you, Jupe, in the way of influencing your decision, is, that it is highly desirable to have a sound, practical education, and that even your father himself (from what I understand) appears, on your behalf, to have known and felt that much."

The last words had a visible effect upon her. She stopped in her wild crying, a little detached herself from Emma Gordon, and turned her face full upon her patron. The whole company perceived the force of the change, and drew a long breath together, that plainly said, "she will go!"

"Be sure you know your own mind, Jupe," Mr. Gradgrind cautioned her; "I say no more. Be sure you know your own mind!"

"When father comes back," cried the girl, bursting into tears again after a minute's silence, "how will he ever find me if I go away!"

"You may be quite at ease," said Mr. Gradgrind, calmly; he worked out the whole matter like a sum; "you may be quite at ease, Jupe, on that score. In such a case, your father, I apprehend, must find out Mr. —"

"Thleary. Thath my name, Thquire. Not athamed of it. Known all over England, and alwayth paythe ith way."

"Must find out Mr. Sleary, who would then let him know where you went. I should have no power of keeping you against his wish, and he would have no difficulty, at any time, in finding Mr. Thomas Gradgrind of Coketown. I am well known."

"Well known," assented Mr. Sleary, rolling his loose eye. "You're one of the thort, Thquire, that keepth a prethious thight of

money out of the houth. But never mind that at prethent."

There was another silence; and then she exclaimed, sobbing with her hands before her face, "Oh, give me my clothes, give me my clothes, and let me go away before I break my heart!"

The women sadly bestirred themselves to get the clothes together—it was soon done, for they were not many—and to pack them in a basket which had often travelled with them. Sissy sat all the time, upon the ground, still sobbing and covering her eyes. Mr. Gradgrind and his friend Bounderby stood near the door, ready to take her away. Mr. Sleary stood in the middle of the room, with the male members of the company about him, exactly as he would have stood in the centre of the ring during his daughter Josephine's performance. He wanted nothing but his whip.

The basket packed in silence, they brought her bonnet to her, and smoothed her disordered hair, and put it on. Then they pressed about her, and bent over her in very natural attitudes, kissing and embracing her; and brought the children to take leave of her; and were a tender-hearted, simple, foolish set of women altogether.

"Now, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind. "If you are quite determined, come!"

But she had to take her farewell of the male part of the company yet, and every one of them had to unfold his arms (for they all assumed the professional attitude when they found themselves near Sleary) and give her a parting kiss—Master Kidderminster excepted, in whose young nature there was an original flavor of the misanthrope, who was also known to have harbored matrimonial views, and who moodily withdrew. Mr. Sleary was reserved until the last. Opening his arms wide he took her by both her hands, and would have sprung her up and down, after the riding-master manner of congratulating young ladies on their dismounting from a rapid act; but there was no rebound in Sissy, and she only stood before him crying.

"Good bye, my dear!" said Sleary. "You'll make your fortin, I hope, and none of our poor folkth will ever trouble on, I'll pound it. I with your father hadn't taken hith dog with him; ith a ill-conwenieth to have the dog out of the billth. But on thecond thoughtth, he

wouldn't have performed without hith mathter, the ith ath broad ath ith long!"

With that, he regarded her attentively with his fixed eye, surveyed his company with the loose one, kissed her, shook his head, and handed her to Mr. Gradgrind as to a horse.

"There the ith, Thquire," he said, sweeping her with a professional glance as if she were being adjusted in her seat, "and the'll do you juthtithe. Good bye, Thethilia!"

"Good bye, Cecilia!" Good bye, Sissy!" "God bless you dear!" In a variety of voices from all the room.

But the riding-master eye had observed the bottle of the nine oils in her bosom, and he now interposed with "Leave the bottle, my dear; ith large to carry; it will be of no uth to you now. Give it to me!"

"No, no!" she said, in another burst of tears. "Oh, no! Pray let me keep it for father till he comes back! He will want it, when he comes back. He had never thought of going away, when he sent me for it. I must keep it for him, if you please!"

"Tho be it, my dear. (You thee how it ith, Thquire!) Farewell, Thethilia! My lathth worthth to you ith thith, Ththick to the termth of your engagement, be obedient to the Thquire and forget uth. But if, when you're grown up and married and well off, you come upon my horth-riding ever, don't be hard upon it, don't be croth with it, give it a Bethpeak if you can, and think you might do wurth. People mutht be amuthed, Thquire, thomeshow," continued Sleary, rendered more pursy than ever, by so much talking; "they can't be alwayth a working, nor yet they canth be alwayth a learning. Make the bethth of uth: not the wurth. I've got my living out of the horth-riding all my life, I know; but I conthider that I lay down the philothophy of the thubject when I thay to you, Thquire, make the bethth of uth: not the wurthth!"

The Sleary philosophy was propounded as they went down stairs; and the fixed eye of Philosophy—and its rolling eye, too—soon lost the three figures and the basket in the darkness of the street.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Bounderby being a bachelor, an elderly lady presided over his establishment, in consideration of a certain annual stipend. Mrs.

Sparsit was this lady's name; and she was a prominent figure in attendance on Mr. Bounderby's car, as it rolled along in triumph with the Bully of humility inside.

For, Mrs. Sparsit had not only seen different days, but was highly connected. She had a great aunt living in these very times called Lady Scadgers. Mr. Sparsit, deceased, of whom she was the relict, had been by the mother's side what Mrs. Sparsit still called "a Fowler." Strangers, of limited information and dull apprehension, were sometimes observed not to know what a Fowler was, and even to appear uncertain whether it might be a business, or a political party, or a profession of faith. The better class of minds, however, did not need to be informed that the Fowlers were an ancient stock, who could trace themselves so exceedingly far back that it was not surprising if they sometimes lost themselves—which they had rather frequently done, as respected horse-flesh, blind-hokey, Hebrew monetary transactions, and the Insolvent Debtors' Court.

The late Mr. Sparsit, being by the mother's side a Fowler, married this lady, being by the father's side a Scadgers. Lady Scadgers (an immensely fat old woman, with an inordinate appetite for butcher's meat, and a mysterious leg, which had now refused to get out of bed for fourteen years) contrived the marriage, at a period when Sparsit was just of age, and chiefly noticeable for a slender body, weakly supported on two long slim props, and surmounted by no head worth mentioning. He inherited a fair fortune from his uncle, but owed it all before he came into it, and spent it twice over immediately afterwards. Thus, when he died, at twenty-four (the scene of his decease, Calais, and the cause, brandy), he did not leave his widow, from whom he had been separated soon after the honeymoon, in affluent circumstances. That bereaved lady, fifteen years older than he, fell presently at deadly feud with her only relative, Lady Scadgers; and, partly to spite her ladyship, and partly to maintain herself, went out at a salary. And ere she was now, in her elderly days, with the Coriolanian style of nose and the dense black eyebrows which had captivated Sparsit, making Mr. Bounderby's tea, as he took his breakfast.

If Bounderby had been a Conqueror, and

Mrs. Sparsit a captive Princess, whom he took about as a feature in his state-processions, he could not have made a greater flourish with her than he habitually did. Just as it belonged to his boastfulness to depreciate his own extraction, so it belonged to it to exalt Mrs. Sparsit's. In the measure that he would not allow his own youth to have been attended by a single favorable circumstance, he brightened Mrs. Sparsit's juvenile career with every possible advantage, and showered wagon-loads of early roses all over that lady's path.

"And yet, sir," he would say, "how does it turn out after all? Why, here she is at a hundred a year (I give her a hundred, which she is pleased to term handsome), keeping the house of Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown!"

Nay, he made this foil of his so very widely known, that third parties took it up, and handled it on some occasions with considerable briskness. It was one of the most exasperating attributes of Bounderby, that he not only sang his own praises, but stimulated other men to sing them. There was a moral infection of claptrap in him. Strangers, modest enough elsewhere, started up at dinners in Coketown, and boasted, in quite a rampant way, of Bounderby. They made him out to be the Royal arms, the Union-Jack, Magna Charta, John Bull, Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, An Englishman's house is his castle, Church and State, and God save the Queen, all put together. And as often (and it was very often) as an orator of this kind brought into his peroration,

"Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:"

—it was, for certain, more or less understood among the company that he had heard of Mrs. Sparsit.

"Mr. Bounderby," said Mrs. Sparsit, "you are unusually slow, sir, with your breakfast, this morning."

"Why, ma'am," he returned, "I am thinking about Tom Gradgrind's whim;" Tom Gradgrind, for a bluff, independent manner of speaking—as if somebody were always endeavoring to bribe him with immense sums to say Thomas, and he wouldn't; "Tom Gradgrind's whim, ma'am, of bringing up the tumbling-girl."

"The girl is now waiting to know," said

Mrs. Sparsit, "whether she is to go straight to the school, or up to the Lodge."

"She must wait, ma'am," answered Bounderby, "till I know myself. We shall have Tom Gradgrind down here presently, I suppose. If he should wish her to remain here a day or two longer, of course she can, ma'am."

"Of course, she can, if you wish it, Mr. Bounderby."

"I told him I would give her a shake-down, here, last night, in order that he might sleep on it before he decided to let her have any association with Louisa."

"Indeed, Mr. Bounderby? Very thoughtful of you!"

Mrs. Sparsit's Coriolanian nose underwent a slight expansion of the nostrils, and her black eyebrows contracted as she took a sip of tea.

"It's tolerably clear to me," said Bounderby, "that the little puss can get small good out of such companionship."

"Are you speaking of young Miss Gradgrind, Mr. Bounderby?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am speaking of Louisa."

"Your observation being limited to 'little puss,'" said Mrs. Sparsit, "and there being two little girls in question, I did not know which might be indicated by that expression."

"Louisa," repeated Mr. Bounderby. "Louisa, Louisa."

"You are quite another father to Louisa, sir."

Mrs. Sparsit took a little more tea; and, as she bent her again contracted eyebrows over her steaming cup, rather looked as if her classical countenance were invoking the infernal gods.

"If you had said I was another father to Tom—young Tom, I mean, not my friend Tom Gradgrind—you might have been nearer the mark. I am going to take young Tom into my office. Going to have him under my wing, ma'am."

"Indeed? Rather young for that, is he not, sir?"

Mrs. Sparsit's "sir," in addressing Mr. Bounderby, was a word of ceremony, rather exacting consideration for herself in the use, than honoring him.

"I'm not going to take him at once; he is to finish his educational cramming before then," said Bounderby. "He'll have enough of it, first and last! He'd open his eyes, that boy would, if he knew how empty of learning my

young maw was, at his time of life." Which, by the by, he probably did know, for he had heard of it often enough. "But it's extraordinary, the difficulty I have on scores of such subjects, in speaking to any one on equal terms. Here, for example, I have been speaking to you, this morning, about Tumblers. Why, what do you know about tumblers? At the time when, to have been a tumbler in the mud of the streets, would have been a godsend to me, a prize in the lottery to me, you were at the Italian Opera. You were coming out of the Italian Opera, ma'am, in white satin and jewels, a blaze of splendor, when I hadn't a penny to buy a link to light you."

"I certainly, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a dignity serenely mournful, "was familiar with the Italian Opera at a very early age."

"And, ma'am, so was I," said Bounderby, "—with the wrong side of it. A hard bed the pavement of its Arcade used to make, I assure you. People like you, ma'am, accustomed from infancy to lie on Down feathers, have no idea how hard a paving-stone is, without trying it. No, no, it's of no use, my talking to you about tumblers. I should speak of foreign dancers, and the West End of London, and May Fair, and lords and ladies and honorables."

"I trust, sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, with decent resignation, "it is not necessary that you should do anything of that kind. I hope I have learnt how to accommodate myself to the changes of life. If I have acquired an interest in hearing of your instructive experiences, and can scarcely hear enough of them, I claim no merit for that, since I believe it is a general sentiment."

"Well, ma'am," said her patron, "perhaps some people may be pleased to say that they do like to hear, in his own unpolished way, what Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, has gone through. But you must confess that you were born in the lap of luxury, yourself. Come, ma'am, you know you were born in the lap of luxury."

"I do not, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit with a shake of her head, "deny it."

Mr. Bounderby was obliged to get up from table, and stand with his back to the fire, looking at her; she was such an enhancement of his merits.

"And you were in crack society," he said, warming his legs.

"It is true, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with an affectation of humility the very opposite of his, and therefore in no danger of jostling it.

"You were in the tiptop fashion, and all the rest of it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Yes, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a kind of social widowhood upon her. "It is unquestionably true."

Mr. Bounderby, bending himself at the knees, literally embraced his legs in his great satisfaction, and laughed aloud. Mr. and Miss Gradgrind being then announced, he received the former with a shake of the hand, and the latter with a kiss.

"Can Jupe be sent here, Bounderby?" asked Mr. Gradgrind.

Certainly. So Jupe was sent there. On coming in, she curtsied to Mr. Bounderby, and to his friend Tom Gradgrind, and also to Louisa; but in her confusion unluckily omitted Mrs. Sparsit. Observing this, the blustering Bounderby had the following remarks to make:

"Now, I tell you what, my girl. The name of that lady by the teapot is Mrs. Sparsit. That lady acts as mistress of this house, and she is a highly connected lady. Consequently, if ever you come again into any room in this house, you will make a short stay in it if you don't behave towards that lady in your most respectful manner. Now, I don't care a button what you do to me, because I don't affect to be anybody. So far from having high connections, I have no connections at all, and I come of the scum of the earth. But towards that lady, I do care what you do; and you shall do what is deferential and respectful, or you shall not come here."

"I hope, Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind in a conciliatory voice, "that this was merely an oversight."

"My friend Tom Gradgrind suggests, Mrs. Sparsit," said Bounderby, "that this was merely an oversight. Very likely. However as you are aware, ma'am, I don't allow of even oversights towards you."

"You are very good indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head with her State humility. "It is not worth speaking of."

Sissy, who all this time had been faintly excusing herself with tears in her eyes, was

now waved over by the master of the house to Mr. Gradgrind. She stood, looking intently at him, and Louisa stood coldly by, with her eyes upon the ground, while he proceeded thus:

"Jupe, I have made up my mind to take you into my house; and, when you are not in attendance at the school, to employ you about Mrs. Gradgrind, who is rather an invalid. I have explained to Miss Louisa—this is Miss Louisa—the miserable but natural end of your late career; and you are to expressly understand that the whole of that subject is past, and is not to be referred to any more. From this time you begin your history. You are, at present, ignorant, I know."

"Yes, sir, very," she answered, curtsying.

"I shall have the satisfaction of causing you to be strictly educated; and you will be a living proof to all who come into communication with you, of the advantages of the training you will receive. You will be reclaimed and formed. You have been in the habit, now, of reading to your father, and those people I found you among, I dare say?" said Mr. Gradgrind, beckoning her nearer to him before he said so, and dropping his voice.

"Only to father and Merrylegs, sir. At least, I mean to father, when Merrylegs was always there."

"Never mind Merrylegs, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, with a passing frown. "I don't ask about him. I understand you to have been in the habit of reading to your father?"

"Oh! yes, sir, thousands of times. They were the happiest—Oh! of all the happy times we had together, sir!"

It was only now, when her grief broke out, that Louisa looked at her.

"And what," asked Mr. Gradgrind, in a still lower voice, "did you read to your father, Jupe?"

"About the Fairies, sir, and the Dwarf, and the Hunchback, and the Genies," she sobbed out

"There!" said Mr. Gradgrind, "that is enough. Never breathe a word of such destructive nonsense any more. Bounderby, this is a case for rigid training, and I shall observe it with interest."

"Well," returned Mr. Bounderby, "I have given you my opinion already, and I shouldn't do as you do. But, very well, very well. Since you are bent upon it, very well!"

So, Mr. Gradgrind and his daughter took Cecilia Jupe off with them to Stone Lodge, and on the way Louisa never spoke one word, good or bad. And Mr. Bounderby went about his daily pursuits. And Mrs. Sparsit got behind her eyebrows and meditated in the gloom of that retreat, all the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

Let us strike the key note again, before pursuing the tune.

When she was half a dozen years younger, Louisa had been overheard to begin a conversation with her brother one day, by saying "Tom, I wonder"—upon which Mr. Gradgrind, who was the person overhearing, stepped forth into the light, and said, "Louisa, never wonder!"

Herein lay the spring of the mechanical art and mystery of educating the reason without stooping to the cultivation of the sentiments and affections. Never wonder. By means of addition; subtraction, multiplication, and division, settle everything somehow, and never wonder. Bring to me, says M'Choakumchild, yonder baby just able to walk, and I will engage that it shall never wonder.

Now, besides very many babies just able to walk, there happened to be in Coketown a considerable population of babies who had been walking against time towards the infinite world, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years and more. These portentous infants being alarming creatures to stalk about in any human society, the eighteen denominations incessantly scratched one another's faces and pulled one another's hair, by way of agreeing on the steps to be taken for their improvement—which they never did; a surprising circumstance, when the happy adaptation of the means to the end is considered. Still, although they differed in every other particular, conceivable and inconceivable, (especially inconceivable,) they were pretty well united on the point that these unlucky infants were never to wonder. Body number one, said they must take everything on trust. Body number two, said they must take everything on political economy. Body number three, wrote leaden little books for them, showing how the good grown-up baby invariably got to the Savings Bank, and the bad grown-up baby invariably got transported. Body number four, under dreary pretences

of being droll (when it was very melancholy indeed,) made the shallowest pretences of concealing pitfalls of knowledge, into which it was the duty of these babies to be smuggled and inveigled. But, all the bodies agreed that they were never to wonder.

There was a library in Coketown, to which general access was easy. Mr. Gradgrind greatly tormented his mind about what the people read in this library: a point whereon little rivers of tabular statements periodically flowed into the howling ocean of tabular statements, which no diver ever got to any depth in and came up sane. It was a disheartening circumstance, but a melancholy fact, that even these readers persisted in wondering. They wondered about human nature, human passions, human hopes and fears, the struggles, triumphs and defeats, the cares and joys and sorrows, the lives and deaths, of common men and women. They sometimes, after fifteen hours' work, sat down to read mere fables about men and women, more or less like themselves, and children more or less like their own. They took De Foe to their bosoms, instead of Euclid, and seemed to be on the whole more comforted by Goldsmith than by Cocker. Mr. Gradgrind was for ever working, in print and out of print, at this eccentric sum, and he never could make out how it yielded this unaccountable product.

"I am sick of my life, Loo. I hate it altogether, and I hate everybody except you," said the unnatural young Thomas Gradgrind in the hair-cutting chamber at twilight.

"You don't hate Sissy, Tom."

"I hate to be obliged to call her Jupe. And she hates me," said Tom, moodily.

"No, she does not, Tom, I am sure."

"She must," said Tom. "She must just hate and detest the whole set-out of us. They'll bother her head off, I think, before they have done with her. Airedy she's getting as pale as wax, and as heavy as—I am."

Young Thomas expressed these sentiments, sitting astride of the chair before the fire, with his arms on the back, and his sulky face on his arms. His sister sat in the darker corner by the fireside, now looking at him, now looking at the bright sparks as they dropped upon the hearth.

"As to me," said Tom, tumbling his hair all manner of ways with his sulky hands, "I

am a donkey, that's what I am. I am as obstinate as one, I am more stupid than one. I get as much pleasure as one, and I should like to kick like one."

"Not me, I hope, Tom?"

"No, Loo; I wouldn't hurt you. I made an exception of you at first. I don't know what this—jolly old—Jaundiced Jail—" Tom had paused to find a sufficiently complimentary and expressive name for the parental roof, and seemed to relieve his mind for a moment by the strong alliteration of this one, "would be without you."

"Indeed, Tom? Do you really and truly say so?"

"Why, of course I do. What's the use of talking about it!" returned Tom, chafing his face on his coat-sleeve as if to mortify his flesh, and have it in unison with his spirit.

"Because, Tom," said his sister, after silently watching the sparks awhile, "as I get older and nearer growing up, I often sit wondering here, and I think how unfortunate it is for me that I can't reconcile you to home better than I am able to do. I don't know what other girls know. I can't play to you, or sing to you. I can't talk to you so as to lighten your mind, for I never see any amusing sights or read any amusing books that it would be a pleasure or a relief to you to talk about, when you are tired."

"Well, no more do I. I am as bad as you in that respect; and I am a mule, too, which you're not. If father was determined to make me either a prig or a mule, and I am not a prig, why, it stands to reason, I must be a mule. And so I am," said Tom desperately.

"It's a great pity," said Louisa, after another pause, and speaking thoughtfully out of her dark corner; "it's a great pity, Tom. It's very unfortunate for both of us."

"Oh! You," said Tom; "you are a girl, Loo, and a girl comes out of it better than a boy does. I don't miss anything in you. You are the only pleasure I have—you can brighten even this place—and you can always lead me as you like."

"You are a dear brother, Tom: and while you think I can do such things, I don't so much mind knowing better. Though I do know better, Tom, and am very sorry for it." She came and kissed him, and went back into her corner again.

"I wish I could collect all the facts we hear so much about," said Tom, spitefully setting his teeth, "and all the figures, and all the people who found them out; and I wish I could put a thousand barrels of gunpowder under them, and blow them all up together! However, when I go to live with old Bounderby, I'll have my revenge."

"Your revenge, Tom?"

"I mean, I'll enjoy myself a little, and go about and see something, and hear something. I'll recompense myself for the way in which I have been brought up."

"But don't disappoint yourself beforehand, Tom. Mr. Bounderby thinks as father thinks, and is a great deal rougher, and not half so kind."

"Oh!" said Tom, laughing. "I don't mind that. I shall very well know how to manage and smooth old Bounderby!"

Their shadows were defined upon the wall, but those of the high presses in the room were all blended together on the wall and on the ceiling, as if the brother and sister were overhung by a dark cavern. Or, a fanciful imagination—if such treason could have been there—might have made it out to be the shadow of their subject, and of its lowering association with their future.

"What is your great mode of smoothing and managing, Tom? Is it a secret?"

"Oh!" said Tom, "if it is a secret, it's not far off. It's you. You are his little pet, you are his favorite; he'll do anything for you. When he says to me what I don't like, I shall say to him, 'My sister Loo will be hurt and disappointed, Mr. Bounderby. She always used to tell me she was sure you would be easier with me than this. That'll bring him about, or nothing will.'"

After waiting for some answering remark, and getting none, Tom wearily relapsed into the present time, and twined himself yawning round and about the rails of his chair, and rumpled his head more and more, until he suddenly looked up, and asked:

"Have you gone to sleep, Loo?"

"No, Tom. I am looking at the fire."

"You seem to find more to look at in it than ever I could find," said Tom. "Another of the advantages, I suppose, of being a girl."

"Tom," enquired his sister slowly, and in a curious tone, as if she were reading what she

asked, in the fire, and it were not quite plainly written there, "do you look forward with any satisfaction to this change to Mr. Bounderby's?"

"Why, there's one thing to be said of it," returned Tom, pushing his chair from him, and standing up; "it will be getting away from home."

"There is one thing to be said of it," Louisa repeated in her former curious tone; "it will be getting away from home. Yes."

"Not but what I shall be very unwilling, both to leave you, Loo, and to leave you here. But I must go, you know, whether I like it or not; and I had better go where I can take with me some advantage of your influence, than where I should lose it altogether. Don't you see?"

"Yes, Tom."

The answer was so long in coming, though there was no indecision in it, that Tom went and leaned on the back of her chair, to contemplate the fire which so engrossed her, from her point of view, and see what he could make of it.

"Except that it is a fire," said Tom, "it looks to me as stupid and blank as everything else looks. What do you see in it? Not a circus?"

"I don't see anything in it, Tom, particularly. But since I have been looking at it, I have been wondering about you and me, grown up."

"Wondering again!" said Tom.

"I have such unmanageable thoughts," returned his sister, "that they will wonder."

"Then I beg of you, Louisa," said Mrs. Gradgrind, who had opened the door without being heard, "to do nothing of that description, for goodness sake, you inconsiderate girl, or I shall never hear the last of it from your father. And, Thomas, it is really shameful, with my poor head continually wearing me out, that a boy, brought up as you have been, and whose education has cost what yours has, should be found encouraging his sister to wonder, when he knows his father has expressly said that she is not to do it."

Louisa denied Tom's participation in the offence; but her mother stopped her with the conclusive answer, "Louisa, don't tell me, in my state of health; for unless you had been

encouraged, it is morally and physically impossible that you could have done it."

"I was encouraged by nothing, mother, but by looking at the red sparks dropping out of the fire, and whitening and dying. It made me think, after all, how short my life would be, and how little I could hope to do in it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Gradgrind, rendered almost energetic. "Nonsense! Don't stand there and tell me such stuff, Louisa, to my face, when you know very well that if it was ever to reach your father's ears I should never hear the last of it. After all the trouble that has been taken with you! After the lectures you have attended, and the experiments you have seen! After I have heard you myself, when the whole of my right side has been benumbed, going on with your master about combustion, and calcination, and calorification, and I may say every kind of action that could drive a poor invalid distracted, to hear you talking in this absurd way about sparks and ashes! I wish," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind, taking a chair, and discharging her strongest point before succumbing under these mere shadows of facts, "yes, I really do wish that I had never had a family, and then you would have known what it was to do without me!"

CHAPTER IX.

Sissy Jupe had not an easy time of it, between Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mrs. Gradgrind, and was not without strong impulses, in the first months of her probation, to run away. It hailed facts all day long so very hard, and life in general was opened to her as such a closely-ruled cyphering-book, that assuredly she would have run away, but for only one restraint.

It is lamentable to think of; but this restraint was the result of no arithmetical process, was self-imposed in defiance of all calculation, and went dead against any table of probabilities that any Actuary would have drawn up from the premises. The girl believed that her father had not deserted her; she lived in the hope that he would come back, and in the faith that he would be made the happier by her remaining where she was.

The wretched ignorance with which Jupe clung to this consolation, rejecting the superior comfort of knowing, on a sound arithmetical basis, that her father was an unnatural vaga-

bond, filled Mr. Gradgrind with pity. Yet, what was to be done? M'Choakumchild reported that she had a very dense head for figures; that, once possessed with a general idea of the globe, she took the smallest conceivable interest in its exact measurements; that she was extremely slow in the acquisition of dates, unless some pitiful incident happened to be connected therewith; that she would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteenpence halfpenny; that she was as low down, in the school, as low down could be: that after eight weeks of induction into the elements of Political Economy, she had only yesterday been set right by a prattler three feet high, for returning to the question, "What is the first principle of this science?" the absurd answer, "To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me."

Mr. Gradgrind observed, shaking his head, that all this was very bad; that it showed the necessity of infinite grinding at the mill of knowledge, as per system, schedule, blue book, report, and tabular statements A to Z: and that Jupe "must be kept to it." So Jupe was kept to it, and became very low spirited, but no wiser.

"It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!" she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavored to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.

"Do you think so?"

"I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then."

"You might not be the better for it, Sissy."

Sissy submitted after a little hesitation, "I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa."

To which Miss Louisa answered, "I don't know that."

There had been so little communication between these two—both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career—that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent.

"You are more useful to my mother, and

more pleasant with her than I can ever be," Louisa resumed. "You are pleasanter to yourself, than I am to myself."

"But, if you please, Miss Louisa," Sissy pleaded, "I am—oh, so stupid!"

Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her how she would be wiser by and by.

"You don't know," said Sissy, half-crying, "what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me."

"Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?"

"Oh, no!" she eagerly returned. "They know everything."

"Tell me some of your mistakes."

"I am almost ashamed," said Sissy, with reluctance. "But to-day, for instance, Mr. M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity."

"National, I think it must have been," observed Louisa.

"Yes, it was. But isn't it the same?" she timidly asked.

"You had better say, National, as he said so," returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.

"National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation, and an't you in a thriving state?"

"What did you say?" asked Louisa.

"Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I couldn't know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I know who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all," said Sissy, wiping her eyes.

"That was a great mistake of yours," observed Louisa.

"Yes, Miss Louisa, I know it was, now. Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me again. And he said, This schoolroom is an immense town, and in it there are a million of inhabitants, and only five-and-twenty are starved to death in the streets, in the course of a year. What is your remark on that propor-

tion? And my remark was—for I couldn't think of a better one—that I thought it must be just as hard upon those who were starved, whether the others were a million, or a million million. And that was wrong too."

"Of course it was."

"Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me once more. And he said, Here are the stutterings——"

"Statistics," said Louisa.

"Yes, Miss Louisa—they always remind me of stutterings, and that's another of my mistakes—of accidents upon the sea. And I find (Mr. M'Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the per centage? And I said Miss; here Sissy fairly sobbed as confessing with extreme contrition to her greatest error; "and I said it was nothing."

"Nothing, Sissy?"

"Nothing, Miss—to the relations and friends of the people who were killed. I shall never learn," said Sissy. "And the worst of all is, that although my poor father wished me so much to learn, and although I am so anxious to learn because he wished me to, I am afraid I don't like it."

Louisa stood looking at the pretty modest head, as it drooped abashed before her, until it was raised again to glance at her face. Then she asked:

"Did your father know so much himself, that he wished you to be well taught too, Sissy?"

Sissy hesitated before replying, and so plainly showed her sense that they were entering on forbidden ground, that Louisa added, "No one hears us; and if any one did, I am sure no harm could be found in such an innocent question."

"No, Miss Louisa," answered Sissy, upon this encouragement, shaking her head; "father knows very little indeed. It's as much as he can do to write; and it's more than people in general can do to read his writing. Though it's plain to me."

"Your mother?"

"Father says she was quite a scholar. She died when I was born. She was;" Sissy made the terrible communication nervously; "she was a dancer."

"Did your father love her?"

Louisa asked these questions with a strong, wild, wandering interest peculiar to her; an interest gone astray like a banished creature, and hiding in solitary places.

"Oh, yes! As dearly as he loves me. Father loved me, first, for her sake. He carried me about with him, when I was quite a baby. We have never been asunder from that time."

"Yet he leaves you now, Sissy?"

"Only for my good. Nobody understands him as I do; nobody knows him as I do. When he left me for my good—he never would have left me for his own—I know he was almost broken-hearted with the trial. He will not be happy for a single minute, till he comes back."

"Tell me more about him," said Louisa, "I will never ask you again. Where did you live?"

"We travelled about the country, and had no fixed place to live in. Father's a;" Sissy whispered the awful word; "a clown."

"To make the people laugh?" said Louisa, with a nod of intelligence.

"Yes. But they wouldn't laugh sometimes, and then father cried. Lately, they very often wouldn't laugh, and he used to come home despairing. Father's not like most. Those who didn't know him as well as I do, and didn't love him as dearly as I do, might believe he was not quite right. Sometimes they played tricks upon him; but they never knew how he felt them, and shrunk up, when he was alone with me. He was far, far timider than they thought!"

"And you were his comfort through everything?"

She nodded, with the tears rolling down her face. "I hope so, and father said I was. It was because he grew so scared and trembling, and because he felt himself to be a poor, weak, ignorant, helpless man (those used to be his words), that he wanted me so much to know a great deal and be different from him. I used to read to him to cheer his courage, and he was very fond of that. They were wrong books—I am never to speak of them here—but we didn't know there was any harm in them."

"And he liked them?" said Louisa, with her searching gaze on Sissy all this time.

"Oh! very much. They kept him, many times, from what did him real harm. And often and often of a night, he used to forget

all his troubles in wondering whether the Sultan would let the lady go on with the story, or would have her head cut off before it was finished."

"And your father was always kind? To the last?" asked Louisa, contravening the great principle, and wondering very much.

"Always, always!" returned Sissy, clasping her hands. "Kinder and kinder than I can tell. He was angry only one night, and that was not to me, but Merrylegs. Merrylegs," she whispered the awful fact, "is his performing dog."

"Why was he angry with the dog?" Louisa demanded.

"Father, soon after they came home from performing, told Merrylegs to jump up on the backs of the two chairs and stand across them—which is one of his tricks. He looked at father, and didn't do it at once. Everything of father's had gone wrong that night, and he hadn't pleased the public at all. He cried out that the very dog knew he was failing, and had no compassion on him. Then he beat the dog, and I was frightened, and said, 'Father, father! Pray don't hurt the creature who is so fond of you! Oh! Heaven forgive you, father, stop!' And he stopped, and the dog was bloody, and father lay down crying on the floor with the dog in his arms, and the dog licked his face."

Louisa saw that she was sobbing; and going to her, kissed her, took her hand, and sat down beside her.

"Finish by telling me how your father left you, Sissy. Now that I have asked you so much, tell me to the end. The blame, if there is any blame, is mine: not yours."

"Dear Miss Louisa," said Sissy, covering her eyes, and sobbing yet; "I came home from the school that afternoon, and found poor father just come home, too, from the booth. And he sat rocking himself over the fire, as if he was in pain. And I said, 'Have you hurt yourself, father?' as he did sometimes, like they all did). and he said, 'A little, my darling.' And when I came to stoop down and look up at his face, I saw that he was crying. The more I spoke to him, the more he hid his face; and at first he shook all over, and said nothing but 'My darling!' and 'My love!'"

Here Tom came lounging in, and stared at the two with a coolness not particularly savor-

ing of interest in anything but himself, and not much of that at present.

"I am asking Sissy a few questions, Tom," observed his sister. "You have no occasion to go away; but don't interrupt us for a moment, Tom dear."

"Oh! very well!" returned Tom. "Only father has brought old Bounderby home, and I want you to come into the drawing-room. Because, if you come, there's a good chance of old Bounderby's asking me to dinner; and if you don't, there's none."

"I'll come directly."

"I'll wait for you," said Tom, "to make sure."

Sissy resumed in a lower voice. "At last, poor father said that he had given no satisfaction again, and never did give any satisfaction now, and that he was a shame and disgrace, and I should have done better without him all along. I said all the affectionate things to him that came into my heart, and presently he was quiet and I sat down by him, and told him all about the school and everything that had been said and done there. When I had no more left to tell, he put his arms round my neck, and kissed me a great many times. Then he asked me to fetch some of the stuff he used, for the little hurt he had had, and to get it at the best place, which was at the other end of town from there; and then, after kissing me again, he let me go. When I had gone down stairs, I turned back that I might be a little bit more company to him yet, and looked in at the door, and said, 'Father, dear, shall I take Merrylegs?' Father shook his head, and said, 'No, Sissy, no; take nothing that's known to be mine, my darling;' and I left him sitting by the fire. Then the thought must have come upon him, poor, poor father! of going away to try something for my sake; for, when I came back, he was gone."

"I say! Look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!" Tom remonstrated.

"There's no more to tell, Miss Louisa. I keep the nine oils ready for him, and I know he will come back. Every letter that I see in Mr. Gradgrind's hand takes my breath away and blinds my eyes, for I think it comes from father, or from Mr. Sleary about father. Mr. Sleary promised to write as soon as ever father should be heard of, and I trust to him to keep his word."

"Do look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!" said Tom, with an impatient whistle. "He'll be off, if you don't look sharp!"

After this, whenever Sissy dropped a curtsy to Mr. Gradgrind in the presence of his family, and said, in a faltering way, "I beg your pardon, sir, for being troublesome—but—have you had any letter yet about me?" Louisa would suspend the occupation of the moment, whatever it was, and look for the reply as earnestly as Sissy did. And when Mr. Gradgrind regularly answered, "No, Jupe, nothing of the sort," the trembling of Sissy's lip would be repeated in Louisa's face, and her eyes would follow Sissy with compassion to the door. Mr. Gradgrind usually improved these occasions by remarking, when she was gone, that if Jupe had been properly trained from an early age she would have demonstrated to herself, on sound principles, the baselessness of these fantastic hopes. Yet it did seem (though not to him, for he saw nothing of it) as if fantastic hope could take as strong a hold as Fact.

This observation must be limited exclusively to his daughter. As to Tom, he was becoming that not unprecedented triumph of calculation which is usually at work on number one. As to Mrs. Gradgrind, if she said anything on the subject, she would come a little way out of her wrappers, like a feminine dormouse, and say:

"Good gracious! bless me, how my poor head is vexed and worried by that girl Jupe's so perseveringly asking, over and over again, about her tiresome letters! Upon my word and honor, I seem to be fated, and destined, and ordained, to live in the midst of things that I am never to hear the last of. It really is a most extraordinary circumstance that it appears as if I never was to hear the last of anything!"

At about this point, Mr. Gradgrind's eye would fall upon her; and, under the influence of that wintry piece of fact, she would become torpid again.

CHAPTER X.

I entertain a weak idea that the English people are as hard-worked as any people upon whom the sun shines. I acknowledge to this ridiculous idiosyncrasy, as a reason why I would give them a little more play.

In the hardest working part of Coketown;

in the innermost fortifications of that ugly citadel, where Nature was as strongly bricked out as killing airs and gases were bricked in; at the heart of the labyrinth of narrow courts upon courts, and close streets upon streets, which had come into existence piecemeal, every piece in a violent hurry for some one man's purpose, and the whole an unnatural family, shouldering, and trampling, and pressing one another to death; in the last close nook of this great exhausted receiver, where the chimneys, for want of air to make a draught, were built in an immense variety of stunted and crooked shapes, as though every house put out a sign of the kind of people who might be expected to be born in it; among the multitude of Coketown, generically called "the Hands"—a race who would have found more favor with some people, if Providence had seen fit to make them only hands, or, like the lower creatures of the seashore, only hands and stomachs—lived a certain Stephen Blackpool, forty years of age.

Stephen looked older, but he had had a hard life. It is said that every life has its roses and thorns. There seemed, however, to have been a misadventure or mistake in Stephen's case, whereby somebody else had become possessed of his roses, and he had become possessed of the same somebody else's thorns in addition to his own. He had known, to use his words, a peck of trouble. He was usually called Old Stephen, in a kind of rough homage to the fact.

A rather stooping man, with a knitted brow, a pondering expression of face, and a hard-looking head sufficiently capacious, on which his iron-grey hair lay long and thin, Old Stephen might have passed for a particularly intelligent man in his condition. Yet he was not. He took no place among those remarkable "Hands," who, piecing together their broken intervals of leisure through many years, had mastered difficult sciences, and acquired a knowledge of most unlikely things. He held no station among the Hands who could make speeches and carry on debates. Thousands of his compeers could talk much better than he, at any time. He was a good power-loom weaver, and a man of perfect integrity. What more he was, or what else he had in him, if anything, let him show for himself.

The lights in the great factories, which

looked, when they were illuminated, like fairy palaces—or the travellers by express train said so—were all extinguished; and the bells had rung for knocking off for the night, and had ceased again; and the Hands, men and women, boy and girl, were clattering home. Old Stephen was standing in the street, with the odd sensation upon him which the stoppage of the machinery always produced—the sensation of its having worked and stopped in his own head.

"Yet I don't see Rachael, still!" said he.

It was a wet night, and many groups of young women passed him, with their shawls drawn over their bare heads and held close under their chins to keep the rain out. He knew Rachael well, for a glance at any one of these groups was sufficient to show him that she was not there. At last, there were no more to come; and then he turned away, saying, in a tone of disappointment, "Why, then, I ha' missed her!"

But, he had not gone the length of threestreet, when he saw another of the shawl figures in advance of him, at which he looked so keenly that perhaps its mere shadow indistinctly reflected on the wet pavement—if he could have seen it without the figure itself moving along from lamp to lamp, brightening and fading as it went—would have been enough to tell him who was there. Making his pace at once much quicker and much softer, he darted on until he was very near this figure, then fell into his former walk, and called "Rachael."

She turned, being then in the brightness of a lamp; and raising her hood a little, showed a quiet oval face, dark and rather delicate, irradiated by a pair of very gentle eyes, and further set off by the perfect order of her shining black hair. It was not a face in its first bloom; she was a woman five and thirty years of age.

"Ah, lad! 'Tis thou?" when she had said this, with a smile which would have been quite expressed, though nothing of her had been seen but her pleasant eyes, she replaced her hood again, and they went on together.

"I thought thou wast ahind me, Rachael?"

"No."

"Early t'night, lass?"

"Times I'm a little early, Stephen; 'times a little late. I'm never to be counted on, going home."

"Nor going t'other way, neither, 't seems to me, Rachael?"

"No, Stephen."

He looked at her with some disappointment in his face, but with a respectful and patient conviction that she must be right in whatever she did. The expression was not lost upon her; she laid her hand lightly on his arm a moment, as if to thank him for it.

We are such true friends, lad, and such old friends, and getting to be such old folk, now."

"No, Rachel, thou'rt as young as ever thou wast."

"One of us would be puzzled how to get old, Stephen, without t'other getting so, too, both being alive," she answered, laughing; "but any ways, we're such old friends, that t'hide a word of honest truth fra' one another would be a sin and a pity. 'Tis better not to walk too much together. 'Times, yes! 'Twould be hard, indeed, if 'twas not to be at all," she said, with a cheerfulness she sought to communicate to him.

"'Tis hard, anyways, Rachael."

"Try to think not; and 'twill seem better."

"I've tried a long time, and t'a'nt got better. But thou'rt right; 'tmight make folk talk, even of thee. Thou hast been that to me, Rachael, through so many year; thou hast done me so much good, and heartened of me in that cheering way, that thy word is a law to me. Ah, lass, and a bright, good law! Better than some real ones."

"Never fret about them, Stephen," she answered quickly, and not without an anxious glance at his face. "Let the laws be."

"Yes," he said, with a slow nod or two.

"Let 'em be. Let everything be. Let all sorts alone. 'Tis a muddle, and that's all."

"Always a muddle?" said Rachael, with another gentle touch upon his arm, as if to recall him out of the thoughtfulness, in which he was biting the long ends of his loose neckerchief as he walked along. The touch had its instantaneous effect. He let them fall, turned a smiling face upon her, and said, as he broke into a good-humored laugh, "Ay, Rachael, lass, awlus a muddle. That's where I stick. I come to the muddle many times and agen, and I never get beyond it."

They had walked some distance, and were near their own homes. The woman's was the first reached. It was in one of the many

small streets for which the favorite undertaker (who turned a handsome sum out of the one poor ghastly pomp of the neighborhood) kept a black ladder, in order that those who had done their daily groping up and down the narrow stairs might slide out of this working world by the windows. She stopped at the corner, and putting her hand in his, wished him good night.

"Good night, dear lass; good night!"

She went, with her neat figure and her sober womanly step, down the dark street, and he stood looking after her until she turned into one of the small houses. There was not a flutter of her coarse shawl, perhaps, but had its interest in this man's eyes; not a tone of her voice but had its echo in his innermost heart.

When she was lost to his view, he pursued his homeward way, glancing up sometimes at the sky, where the clouds were sailing fast and wildly. But, they were broken now, and the rain had ceased, and the moon shone—looking down the high chimneys of Coketown on the deep furnaces below, and casting Titanic shadows of the steam-engines at rest, upon the walls where they were lodged. The man seemed to have brightened with the night, as he went on.

His home, in such another street as the first, saving that it was narrower, was over a little shop. How it came to pass that any people found it worth their while to sell or buy the wretched little toys, mixed up in its window with cheap newspapers and pork (there was a leg to be raffled for to-morrow night), matters not here. He took his end of candle from a shelf, lighted it at another end of candle on the counter, without disturbing the mistress of the shop who was asleep in her little room, and went up stairs into his lodging.

It was a room, not unacquainted with the black ladder under various tenants; but as neat, at present, as such a room could be. A few books and writings were on the old bureau in a corner, the furniture was decent and sufficient, and though the atmosphere was tainted, the room was clean.

Going to the hearth to set the candle down upon a round, three-legged table standing there, he stumbled against something. As he recoiled, looking down at it, it raised itself up into the form of a woman in a sitting attitude.

"Heaven's mercy, woman!" he cried, falling farther off from the figure. "Hast thou come back again!"

Such a woman! A disabled, drunken creature, barely able to preserve the sitting posture, by steadying herself with one begrimed hand on the floor, while the other was so purposeless in trying to push away her tangled hair from her face, that it only blinded her the more with the dirt upon it. A creature so foul to look at, in her tatters, stains and splashes, but so much fouler than that in her moral infamy, that it was a shameful thing even to see her.

After an impatient oath or two, and some stupid clawing of herself with the hand not necessary to her support, she got her hair away from her eyes sufficiently to obtain a sight of him. Then she sat swaying her body to and fro, and making gestures with her unnerved arm, which seemed intended as the accompaniment to a fit of laughter, though her face was stolid and drowsy.

"Eigh, lad? What y'or there?" Some hoarse sounds meant for this came mockingly out of her at last; and her head dropped forward on her breast.

"Back agen?" she screeched, after some minutes, as if he had that moment said it. "Yes! And back agen. Back agen ever and ever so often. Back? Yes, back. Why not?"

Roused by the unmeaning violence with which she cried it out, she scrambled up, and stood supporting herself with her shoulders against the wall; dangling in one hand by the string, a dung-hill fragment of a bonnet, and trying to look scornfully at him.

"I'll sell thee off again, and I'll sell thee off a score of times!" she cried, with something between a furious menace and an effort at a defiant dance. "Come awa' from th' bed!" He was sitting on the side of it, with his face hidden in his hands. "Come awa' from 't. 'Tis mine, and I've a right to 't!"

As she staggered to it, he avoided her with a shudder, and passed—his face still hidden—to the opposite end of the room. She threw herself upon the bed heavily, and soon was snoring hard. He sunk into a chair, and moved but once all that night. It was to throw a covering over her; as if his hands were not enough to hide her, even in the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

BY FANNY FALES.

It is her light, quick footfall on the stair!
 It is her laugh so musical and free!
 Oh! no—no—no! God help my heart to bear,
 She comes no more to me.

The brook laughs on—the young grass green is
 springing,

The buds unfolding on each quickened bough;
 The birds flit by, in sunshine music flinging,
 But earth is darkened now.

I miss thy greeting, gentle, blue-eyed sister,
 Thy kiss upon my cheek—thy tender care—
 Thy clasping hand—the love that blessed me,
 sister,

I miss thee everywhere.

Oh come to me! we dwelt in love together,
 Shared with each other joys, griefs;—daily
 met;

Drove—walked, and gathered flowers in summer
 weather,

Come to me, Harriet!

It is her light, quick footfall on the stair!
 It is her laugh so musical and free!
 Oh! no—no—no! God help my heart to bear,
 She comes no more to me.

No more—no more! an angel came in pity,
 Bore her afar from weariness and pain;
 She draws me nearer to the Heavenly City,
 There, may we meet again.

I'll follow soon, one day I whispered sadly,
 Twin of my soul; this woe I cannot bear;
 "Yes," she replied, and raised her soft eyes
 gladly,

"Yes, I'll await you there.

"Rejoice that I am passing up to Heaven,
 That, like the weary dove, to rest I flee;"
 Oh darling sister! be my tears forgiven,
 I do "rejoice" for thee.

On the Redeemer's tender bosom lying,
 Calmly she crossed the vale, without regret;
 Music in Heaven! thou in songs replying,
 Oh, darling Harriet.

Just into golden morn May-day had budded,
 When came the angel, nearer, nearer yet;
 In depths of sorrow my poor heart was flooded,
 Oh, precious Harriet.

But if I meet thee at the gate supernal,
 Will not the joy outweigh this heavy woe?
 Since thy flight, sister, unto life eternal,
 I tremble less to go.

Thou wilt be near me when my heart is sorest,
 Near me to comfort—when my eyes are wet;
 Near, with the changeless love thou ever
 borest,

Oh, angel Harriet!

Yes, thou art with me, gliding unseen, ever,
 Why should I mourn when thou art near me
 yet?

Oh, Father! help me that I dwell for ever
 At last, with Harriet!

"CARRIE."

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

Weary and unrefreshed, I rode
 Through darkness and the rain,
 Still cheered and strengthened by the hope
 Of meeting thee again.

I thought, perchance, thy dainty foot
 Had pressed that self-same way,
 And sadness left its place for smiles,
 And night was brightest day.

At last our wearied horses stopped:
 We were beside thy home;
 The stately mansion, whence the world
 Ne'er tempted thee to roam.
 I gazed up at the dark old front,
 And at the close shut door,
 And thought, "how soon her sweet, sweet lips
 Will meet my own once more!"

The portal oped—but while I gazed
 Beyond the servant there,
 And thought to hear thy flying step,
 Upon the carved stair,
 And while I watched to see the dance
 Of ringlets on thy head,
 From her cold lips the careless words
 Fell lightly—"She is dead!"

This was the greeting, then, for which
 I longed and prayed each day—
 To journey to thy distant home,
 And find thee fled away!
 In the lone churchyard lies a grave
 I could not bear to see,
 For there the angels laid the love
 They stole away from me!



SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.

Somerset House occupies the site of a princely mansion, built by Somerset, the Protector, brother of Lady Jane Seymour. He had not long occupied it, when he was taken to the scaffold: it afterwards became the property of the Crown, and was a royal residence during the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles II. The present building is in the form of a quadrangle: it was completed in 1786. As seen from the opposite side of the river, or from the adjacent bridges, the appearance of this vast range of buildings is very imposing: it presents, indeed, one of the noblest façades in London. There are no less than 3,600 windows in Somerset House, a sufficient proof of its vast magnitude. There are about nine hundred government officials regularly employed in the several departments of the Stamp Office, Excise, Taxes, Revenue, etc. The Strand front is devoted to several learned societies and schools of art. Under the vestibule is a fine bust of Sir Isaac Newton. Herschell, Watt, Davy, Hallam, Reynolds, Wollaston, Walpole and others, dis-

tinguished in arts and letters, have convened within these apartments; it was in the rooms of the Royal Academy that the last and best of Reynold's discourses were delivered. Many notable personages figure historically in the records of old Somerset House: but we cannot particularize, saving that Inigo Jones breathed his last in some apartment of the building, and that the body of Cromwell was laid in state in the great hall, his escutcheon being then placed over the entrance gate.

There is food for thought in the following, for all who are eagerly striving after riches:—"Many a man of wealth would be greatly puzzled if asked what he intended to do with his money. Shall he hoard it for thankless heirs? Shall he squander it on empty luxuries? Shall it be accumulated for the mere sake of accumulation? Or shall he employ it in philanthropic ways? Who does not know that, aside from the pleasures of acquisition, all that a man heaps up after he has gained a competency is a burden and a snare?"

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"Miss Green, are you acquainted with Mrs. Street?"

"Yes, indeed; we met at Newport last season, and I was her most intimate friend during the whole time she remained."

"Mr. Jones, do you know Mr. Smith?"

"Know him? Yes, like a book. Smith's store is next door to mine, and we have business together every day of our lives. Smith's a fine fellow."

Well, gentlemen and ladies, no doubt you are acquainted with each other, after a fashion; but, Miss Green, you know very well, or ought to know, that Mrs. Street never opened but one very narrow door in her heart to you, which she closed on leaving Newport, and labelled it "vacant" until she moved about again among her five hundred very dear fashionable friends in New York; and in their turn, with the rest of the May movers, these five hundred will voluntarily or involuntarily quit the premises; having gone as far in their acquaintance with Mrs. Street's real self, as they have into her house, when making a fashionable call.

They have entered the great pillared and stuccoed door, by which all the world enters; they have seated themselves in the elegant reception-room, furnished and ornamented expressly for all the world to admire, while they were entertained therein; but of Mrs. Street's heart, if she has one, her guests know as little as of the garrets and cellars of her costly mansion; less even than a fine lady knows of her own kitchen.

And, Mr. Jones, you may call Mr. Smith a "fine fellow" as much as you please, while he returns the compliment to your entire satisfaction; you know him well, you say; a shrewd man, of excellent business habits, and very agreeable company. You please yourselves with the idea that each of your minds is a snug little room, like your own counting-rooms, perhaps; savoring of Russia-bound ledgers, occasionally echoing with the clink of the money-drawer, where you may sit together and smoke away a leisure moment or so; but there are doors behind all those well-filled book-shelves, and under the carpet, too, leading to chambers where the "fine fellows"

are not invited to enter; and some of them you would rather be excused from visiting yourself.

Yet Jones and Smith are "well acquainted" with each other. Yes, quite as well as Miss Green and Mrs. Street.

What if we were really as well acquainted with our friends as we think we are, and they with us? Where would be our mutual respect and confidence? For, retaining our present externally-formed notions, we could scarcely distinguish the inclination to wrong from the wrong itself; and as each of us has some vulnerable point, none would pass scathless through the ordeal of another's judgment. Possessing only the meagre wisdom which a short and not untainted life has brought us, we could not always foresee that will would be stronger than temptation, or that regal conscience and queen-like love, like consorted sovereigns, would tread evil, as the dust, under their feet.

Nor, if we saw, could we always comprehend. For with some men, the eye of the mind is microscopic—with others, telescopic. And the movements of some men's minds need to be watched from a vast distance, while others will bear to be looked at through a powerful magnifying glass. Omniscience, could we dare ask it, would be a useless and a fatal gift to us; for seeing so much that we could not comprehend, and comprehending so much that we could not prevent, we should be miserable. The like only would recognize the like, corresponding minds might more generally meet and harmonize; and yet, that they already do, on this or the other side of the boundaries of time.

No doubt, for this state, things are better as they are; certainly they would be, if men were only true, so far as they are anything to each other. No greater punishment could be inflicted upon a sensitive mind, than to make of his inmost self a transparency for all to gaze upon. His motives might be spotless—his heart one of the purest on earth; but the holy of holies would be holy no longer, if gazed into by strange eyes, and trodden by profane feet. How each has his inmost sanctuary, whither he flees in dark hours, and shuts himself from all the world; yes, even from the dearest voices of human love. And this consciousness of the soul's hiding-place with its Maker, is a sure

seal of immortality, an earnest of final union with Him.

After all, we can but feel that we lose much, by calling a glance at the surface, an acquaintance. Society commands to all a certain style of deportment, as fashion dictates a uniformity of dress; and our minds, like our eyes, accustom themselves to considering those who conform the best, the most admirable. Society is a sort of masquerade, where, since we cannot see who is most beautiful, we inquire who wears the most becoming veil or mask.

Children teach us how to get acquainted. While the parents are sitting in cold state in their parlors, sending and receiving cards—little polished ice-flakes with a name in steel upon them, the children have heard each other's voices through the yard-fence that separates them, and though it is too high to climb, they have found some knot-hole in the fence, through which they have managed to peep into each other's eyes, and exchange greetings after the Pyramus and Thisbe fashion.

If we would learn wisdom we must "set a little child in the midst of us." They teach us only that by being natural and simple, letting our hearts speak for themselves, rather than by some fashionable interpreter, can we become truly acquainted with those we meet, so as to do them good, to love them, and to be loved by them.

And such as we cannot be acquainted with in this way, it were better not to know at all.

HAVE YOU A STEPMOTHER?

Have you a stepmother? "I am so unfortunate," the reader may exclaim. "I am also so—fortunate," I can reply; and will you listen to me, patiently, while I say a few words in defence of this class of persons, often so greatly dreaded, so little tolerated, and sometimes so much abused?

When I was three or four years of age, my mother, "my own mother," was very ill, and I was sent, with my only brother, to the house of an aunt, to remain during her sickness. We were occasionally allowed to go home, and were permitted to enter our mother's room and stand a few moments by her bedside. The last time came that we could enjoy such a privilege, and as our sweet and dying mother looked upon her helpless children for the last time, she said—

"I cannot go, now."

We returned to the house of our aunt; but we did not return to our plays, for we felt that something sad awaited us. We seated ourselves in our little chairs, by the parlor fire, and occupied ourselves in thinking of the sorrowing faces we had left, until our aunt returned, and, with a countenance full of grief and tenderness, told us in the gentlest tones that our mother was dead. I did not know what it meant, but I felt that some terrible thing had happened to us, for which I ought to feel sad, and I went away alone, and wept for this unknown grief. The funeral, my father's deeply sad expression of countenance, my mother, as she lay in her coffin, are all fresh in my memory.

Our home was not broken up, and we were kindly cared for by our grandmother and an aunt.

In three or four years we began to suspect that we were to have another mother. Great improvements were made about our house. Our garden was enlarged, new walks were laid out and a new gardener was employed. On one lovely Sabbath evening in June, "so cool, so calm, so bright," as we were walking in our garden with our father, my brother on one side and I on the other, he looked down upon us, with a sweet smile on his noble face, and said to us—

"My little children, would you not like a mother to walk in the garden with you?"

A matter so proposed, in such a time and place and manner, could not but meet our approbation; and, as we looked at each other and smiled, we said and felt—

"Yes, father, we should."

Nothing definite was said to us in regard to it; but we were constantly anticipating the event with pleasure rather than with pain; and, one Summer's afternoon, when our father drove away with his beautiful white horse and his handsome carriage, we felt that he was to bring our new mother home to us; and so it was.

We ourselves were put in nice order, and were seated in our quiet, shaded parlor, when, a little after dark, our father returned, bringing with him a young and beautiful lady, whom he presented to us, saying—

"Your mother, children."

We kissed her, and felt glad that we had a mother.

As long as we were permitted to sit up, we were occupied in watching the new comer. Not a word that fell from her lips escaped our notice; not a motion or position which we did not observe; her dress even I inspected so carefully that I remember it as if it were but yesterday. When directed to retire, we approached our new mother, kissed her, and said—

“Good night, mother.”

For days and weeks, we needed no amusement but to study her character. She, in her turn, made a great effort to be agreeable and entertaining to us. She had been accustomed to city life, and we wearied her by making a multitude of inquiries in regard to the wonderful things she described to us, and in asking for a repetition of her stories. I saw nothing in her which was not lovely and lovable; still I had a little misgiving as to the result. I could not get over the impression, which I fear all children have, that a stepmother is not to be desired, and that to have one is a greater evil than to be motherless. One day, after some meditation upon the subject, I said to my new mother, with the greatest simplicity and innocence—

“Are not stepmothers awful creatures?”

She looked upon me with a bright and sweet smile, and said—

“Yes, they are, sometimes; and sometimes stepchildren are awful creatures.”

I believe this answer allayed all my fears. I felt assured that my mother was my friend. No family could be more happy than ours was for the next few years; but such happiness was not appointed for us in this life. My father! my noble, precious, my kind and indulgent father! How happy were those days, when he was the light of our house and the delight of our hearts! and how sad, how unutterably sad, how dark and dreary have been all the wearisome years since my father's death! How irreparable is the loss of a father!

My mother and brother were away from home, and I was left alone with my father. He was all kindness and love. He held me in his lap, and talked with me of all my wants. He made particular inquiries in regard to my studies, my proficiency in music, &c. He told me intended very soon to purchase for me a piano and a saddle-horse, two things from which I anticipated much pleasure, and I knew

that my father's promises were not hastily made, and were sure to be fulfilled. That happy week which I spent alone with my father passed away. The same horse and carriage, which brought home my mother, was once more brought to the door, and my father again left home on business. He kissed me and bade me good-bye. I felt grieved to have him leave me, and, as he was entering his carriage, I followed him to the door, and again put my arms about his neck and kissed him. It was Monday morning, and he intended to be absent a week. The days passed slowly and heavily without him. One afternoon—it was Friday afternoon—as I was sitting listlessly at our little parlor window, a laboring man, a neighbor of ours, passed the window, and entered our house. He looked up at me, as he passed, with an expression of great grief, and, as I saw him, the thought darted through my mind—he has come to tell me that my father is dead. Very soon a young lady, who was staying with me, entered the room, and said—

“Mary, death has come at last—your father is dead!”

I knew not what she said. I knew not what I had lost.

“My heart grew cold—it felt not then,
When shall it cease to feel again?”

This man was not properly authorized to convey to me the sad intelligence. He had heard the terrible news; and, while our family friends were consulting as to the best mode of imparting it to me, he came in as the bearer of it. I have since been so situated as to receive several acts of kindness from him, but I can never forget the precipitate manner in which this most terrible intelligence was communicated to me; so different was his haste from the gentle and reluctant tones in which my almost angelic aunt communicated to me the death of my mother.

My father and my mother were dead—four of my brothers and my sister were lying in the silent grave, and I was still a mere child. Without our kind, affectionate, and gentle stepmother, who would now have been our friend? How desolate would have been our home! Who could so well have supplied to us the protecting arm and the loving heart of our father as did our mother?

Adversity and affliction still awaited us. Many, who would have treated us with kind-

ness and attention if our father had lived and prosperity had been our lot, thought not of us in our sorrow and seclusion. Some of those, whose duty it was to protect us, and to see that our little property was suitably cared for, sought only to enrich themselves from the portion of the widow and the fatherless. But on one friend we could always rely. Our mother shared our destiny with us. Our interests were hers. To her we never looked in vain for sympathy and affection.

Many years have passed away, and my mother is still the same kind, devoted mother that she was in the days of my childhood. I have now a happy home of my own, and my home is my mother's home. My children have been a source of amusement and happiness to her, and she has been a kind and loving friend to them. My whole life has been made more happy by the presence of my mother. Would not this more frequently be the case, if mothers and children would resolve to be less suspicious and fault-finding, to overlook *small* faults, as own mothers and children do, to be affectionate and kind, confiding and trusting? How much happiness is lost because children have made up their minds that "stepmothers are awful creatures," and must of necessity be a source of unhappiness.

From my own observation, I have inferred that the unhappiness is less frequently caused by the mother than by the conduct of the children themselves—and I would say to those who have stepmothers, and to those who are anticipating such an event—resolve to love your mother and to be loved by her, and you will, I trust, never regret that she is your mother. She comes to you with reluctance, with fear and trembling; receive her cordially and kindly; give her a place in your heart, and let her know the blessedness of being loved by an affectionate and grateful child. MARY LIND.

A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.—Moore, in his *Diary*, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually it seems) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him he had just seen his picture.

"And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly.

"No; I saw there was no chance," replied the other; "it was so like you."

LOVE'S YEARNING.

BY MRS M. A. DENISON.

"Are they all here?"

"Yes, all but one; and she has just waked up from a nap—she will be down soon."

"Isn't it a beautiful sight?" exclaimed a fashionably dressed woman, sinking languidly into a seat, and smoothing the folds of her thick satin.

"Beautiful, but exceedingly sad," replied another, whose lip trembled, and in whose eyes stood unrestrained tears; "the little darlings are motherless."

"Yes, but how well they are provided for! Just look at that sweet little thing with the auburn curls. Isn't she pretty?"

Pretty she was, indeed; nay, beautiful, with her little round limbs full of dimples—the short frock hanging archly over the plump ankles. A sight worth seeing was that band of motherless children. There was one they called Matty, with bright, crisp curls and dancing eyes—another who answered to the name of Lilly, with eyes as blue as heaven, and brow as fair as unstained snow. Some were plain and sickly, but most had the rosy glow—the smile unconscious, yet happy, of confiding infancy.

"Many years ago," said Mrs. Eastman, turning to the matron, "I promised a dear friend that, in the event of her death, if she left daughters, they should be taken to my heart and home. She was unfortunate after that, I heard—though I lost sight of her—and died miserably poor. I traced her to this city, and here they tell me is her only child—a girl."

"The name?" asked the matron.

"A plain one—Mary Harson; her mother was beautiful," she added, running her eye along the group, and among the sparkling faces and curly heads.

"Bring Mary Harson down," said the matron to an assistant; and Mrs. Eastman, startled from her composure, uttered an exclamation of surprise as the child entered.

She was a little, odd figure, with large eyes almost preternaturally bright, thin in form, neither elastic in limb nor rosy of cheek. She came forward with painful timidity, and laid that small, shrunken hand in the gloved hand of the lady, holding it there as if it were not a part of herself—but something she was obliged to offer.

"She's a strange child," said the matron, reading the glance of her visitor, "but intelligent. Her great fault is her sensitive temperament; she never ceases mourning for her mother—that for so little a child is singular, you know—and she dead so long."

Mrs. Eastman had fully expected that one of the most beautiful of that little group was the child of her early friend. Much she was disappointed at the diminutive figure and plain features of this little stranger, and her looks showed her regret. She strove to master it, however, as she gazed at the downcast child—the weak frame so eager to shrink out of notice.

"Will you be my little girl?" she said.

The pale under lip quivered, and the diminutive thumb sought shelter in her mouth, while her eyes were cast towards the floor; but she answered not a word.

"Certainly you will like to go with this lady," said the matron, encouragingly; "you will love to live in a fine house, and have plenty of dolly babies, plenty to eat, and everybody to love you. Say yes to the lady—she is going to be your mother."

That word broke the loosed fountain—a long-drawn, convulsive sigh, that must nearly have broken her little heart, dilated the child's whole figure—then the tears fell fast and copiously, and she sobbed so violently that Mrs. Eastman exclaimed, pettishly—

"Why, what a queer child it is;" at which the little one sobbed harder than ever—and the matron led her from the room.

* * * * *

"Tiney, my love, be quiet, and get your lesson. Christmas is coming, you know; and you must do your best. Mary, your eyes are constantly wandering; why *will* you not heed what I say? Are you dreaming?"

The little one started, cast a long, mournful look in the face bent above hers, and, with a deep, oldish sigh, gathered her brows and resolutely applied herself to her book.

The parlor was beautiful, and well supplied with luxuries. The rich red of the coal glow brought out innumerable pictures of rosewood carving, and struck into vivid light the rare pictures on the walls.

Tiney, a girl with bright black eyes, set in a roguish face, held in her hand a little silver pencil, with which, though her mother did not see her, she was making pictures on the mar-

gin of her books. She was the child of wealth; any one might have known that, for the garments folding over those polished limbs were of fine and dainty material. A rich necklace of coral, with golden clasps, encircled her neck; and her little shoes, neatly laced, shone in a casing of the brightest kid. The little girl at her side was not a whit the less beautifully attired; but, from her brow the innocent joys and loves and sweet surprises of childhood seemed permanently banished. Even the rose-light of health looked only dimly through the transparent cheeks, and her large, sad eyes always made one think of something mournful. A chubby babe, almost ready for the nursery, laid quietly upon the lounge, drowsily playing with his blocks, and crowing in an undertone.

"How now"—that voice was all heart—"how long have you been dumb—all of you—come; I'm for a game—rouse up—look something like life;" and Mr. Eastman threw his great frame into an easy chair, holding out his arms for the now wide awake baby.

"Tiney, do you know your lesson?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the child, hastily concealing the pencil she had made her plaything.

"And you, Mary?"

"No, mamma," timidly replied the more conscientious Mary.

"Then you must not expect to play," said Mrs. Eastman, sharper than was wont. "There, no crying—I'm tired of it."

"Don't be harsh to her," exclaimed Mr. Eastman, softly; "perhaps, she isn't well."

"Then, if she isn't well, she may go to bed," added the lady, impatiently; "but I know better, she is well—and she will be well—and she will look like a funeral all the time, notwithstanding all I have done for her. I hate ingratitude."

"Never mind, Molly, you'll try harder to study to-morrow—won't you?" But the child shrieked convulsively, as his kind voice touched her heart, and laying her head low on her hands, sobbed as she had not for many days.

A bitter look crossed Mrs. Eastman's face. Just then a servant came in. "Take Miss Mary to her room—where she can stay till she feels better," she said sternly; and her husband, who could think of no cause for such strange conduct, silently acquiesced.

"I shall dislike her by and by, I fear," said the lady, half communing with herself, "I don't see what it is—she has every comfort. I'm sure poor Mary, her mother, was one of the most amiable beings that ever lived. How little her child takes after her. She is for ever weeping, notwithstanding all I can do. I've loaded her with toys, and anticipated all her wishes, yet she will be sad and miserable. I don't understand it. I'm out of all patience."

Ah! kind mother and gentle friend, you know not that little tender heart. You could not touch its quivering strings but to wake discordant notes. The spirit so sensitive, shrinking if a breath brushed it too harshly, needed at least something akin to a mother's love. It yearned for the good-night kiss; for the arm placed involuntarily about the slight form; for the gentle pressure sometimes given when least expected. This, that little sensitive one longed for—in the far dark distance she looked back, remembering how it had been with her.

Tiney and Mary slept in two small, adjoining chambers. Twice, before bed-time did Mrs. Eastman send up to know if Mary could come to her supper; but the servant returned, saying she was still "in the sulks," she called it—but she did not know. So the babe was laid sweetly in its cradle. Tiney was carefully disrobed before the warm, shining fire—her snowy night-dress put on—and kneeling, with her white hands raised, and clasped in those of her mother—her little body swaying to the measure of her good-night hymn, she happily prepared for slumber.

"O! dear, oh! dear, dear, dear," sobbed a small, childish voice, "will God please take me home to Heaven?"

Mrs. Eastman paused in absolute astonishment before she entered Mary's room. The door was slightly ajar—the full moon laid lovingly over little Mary, its beams brightening the white objects about the bed, and making her, with her grieved, upturned face, clasped hands, and streaming eyes, seem like an angel sorrowing over some mortal's untimely sin.

"Oh! I am so lonely," sighed the little thing, still talking to her Father in Heaven—"this mother don't love me—I know she don't—she loves her own little girl, for she kisses her a great deal, and she looks at her happy; but, oh! dear God, she don't love me like her—please take me right to Heaven."

Mrs. Eastman swallowed her emotion—pity swelled at her heart—she remembered how quick the rebuking word sprang forth at any of her faults—how often she called her "lazy little thing," because she turned dreamily away from her book—and how frequently she sent her to her slumbers without one word of praise, while she almost smothered her own child with caresses.

All this while the child was sobbing as she prayed—"Don't let me cry so much, dear God, because they say I'm cross and wicked—oh, God! do let me think of my own dear mamma, without feeling so very bad—and don't let me think what nice times we used to have when little Willy was alive, and mamma used to smile on us so sweetly—oh! dear, good God, if I might only go to Heaven with my dear mother, I never could want to cry again."

Mrs. Eastman hurried down stairs, and, going by herself, bitterly wept. She saw all her error, and how sorrowful she was making that young life. Drying her tears, after a prayer for guidance, she hastened up stairs. Little Mary had undressed, and with all a woman's precision had laid her clothes carefully aside.

"Mary," said Mrs. Eastman, in a soft voice. The child looked round, alarmed.

"Mary, shan't I hear your prayers, love?"

Not a word said the child; but with her great eyes wide open, she came slowly towards her foster-mother, and dropped on her knees; nor did she take her wondering glance from that gentle face till she had repeated the last amen.

"Now, kiss me, darling," said Mrs. Eastman, with trembling voice.

There was a pause of a moment—the child caught her breath—then flung her arms passionately about the neck of her mother, kissing her again and again. With a new impulse the foster-mother strained her to her bosom, and so held her, while the hot tears fell like rain down her cheeks.

"And do you think you can love me?" she murmured, disengaging herself from the rapturous embrace.

"Oh! yes, I do love you; I love you like my own dear mamma—oh! you never were so good to me before."

"And you will not cry so much, my darling, and make me sad."

"No, I will never cry, for I think my own mamma has come back from Heaven—my *sorry* has all gone—how kind you are, mamma!" and the beautiful head reposed lovingly, and without rebuke, against the heart beating with such new and sweet tenderness: and when Mrs. Eastman again looked down, the child was sleeping, with an angelic happiness playing over her serene countenance.

From that time little Mary was like a new creature. It was love she yearned for: her tender nature, like the flower for the dew, pined for its sweet nourishment. Never more she wept without cause—never went alone to her Father, and in agony, cried—"Dear God, please take me home to Heaven."—*Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*

SUNLIGHT AND LAMPLIGHT; OR, WE ALL ATTEMPT TO RULE.

BY MARY J. SMITH.

"I would darken my parlors and light them with lamps during the day, if I were wealthy," remarked one lady to another.

"I," replied the other, "value more highly the immediate gift of the Creator, and therefore I would flood my mansion with the glad sunlight; even the timid moonbeam should find quiet entrance there. It seems sinful to pervert the appointed use of gifts so gracious."

"Nay, do not misunderstand me," was the response. "I do not disregard these favors coming from a beneficent source, neither would I thanklessly exclude them from the drawing-rooms of my home, but my preference for the soft, shaded light of lamps amounts to a passion. Nothing is more inspiring to me than tastefully furnished rooms illumined with a subdued radiance, through which moving forms pass with a waving motion, as if borne through molten brilliance. Nor do I consider devotion to this species of beauty at all inconsistent with the requirements of the Divine Ruler. Is not love for the beautiful, wherever it is found, an inherent principle of our nature?"

"It is: but our knowledge of what constitutes the *true beautiful*, may be very much at fault; it may be influenced by a misguided fancy, by early habits and indulgence, by error of the judgment, &c. I think your partiality the result of a morbid taste induced by frequently reading of splendid entertainments

where natural light was superseded by artificial, so that the extravagance of personal adornment and the gilded show around might be blended in dazzling indistinctness, thus confusing the senses and producing a dreamy state of mind, anything but consistent with that clear perception which accompanies an unclouded intellect. Such indulgences are exerting a baleful influence upon the general society of our day, and unless a mighty reaction is accomplished, I see no rescue for the youthful mind from the effects of luxury and indolent ease. Many ruined nations date their decline from periods in which wealth flooded their limits, and its Circean draughts, Syren songs and wild revelry so bewildered the senses, that mind was prostrated before its power, and the shadows of desolation soon gathered over those lands whose mental suns were extinguished. Will you not be warned by these precedents, and avoid the rock on which nations as well as individuals have been wrecked?"

"I do not advocate ungoverned indulgence," was the reply. "You have altogether mistaken the spirit of my words. I am equally aware, with yourself, of the injury, both physical and mental, arising from abandonment to selfish gratifications of any kind. Very possibly, indeed, my substitution of *luminous matter* for the purer radiance flowing from distant orbs, might bear too much of the 'earth earthy,' to insure me against the mishaps incident to this lower sphere, but many explanatory reasons might be brought forward in the formation of a defence which would shield me from your imputation of error, and also show that the path of safety is a narrow one lying just between the two great oceans of Truth and Error. I shall, however, persist in my determination to reject the garish light of day for those softer and more subdued rays which are so grateful to a happy imagination. And let me assure you that I am not alone in my preference; many of our friends cherish the same partiality."

"Quite probable, but that does not weaken my conviction of its error, and I shall continue to oppose it until some of them are disabused."

Such were some of the remarks we heard lately, originating between two ladies, who were each absorbed in the attempt to bring the other over to her side; and it aroused a train of reflections perhaps little complimentary

to the general tendency of human efforts in themselves, however laudable an exterior they may wear. Let them come in whatever form they may, a careful analysis will detect many of their motives springing from a secret desire to rule; to sway the actions and opinions of the multitude, and to gather a host in whose numbers there may be a fancied assurance of security. It is to be feared that the unanswered question, coming from one of old, "What is truth?" is not the lever arousing our powers into action; if it were, there would be less rushing over to the popular side, and little dread of being found with the minority. The impetuosity and thoughtlessness of the present age render it extremely difficult for a careful observer to receive that as truth which comes with the acclamations of the crowd, because impulse and the fever of popular favor are the motive principles impelling it, and what is exalted to-day, may, to-morrow, fall into implied disgrace. Rather than be classed with the few who, in their adherence to right, maintain a firm silence when exciting topics are introduced, many, unsustained by moral courage, forsake their position and unite with the swelling throng, which in its headlong career will ultimately be split into numberless factions, and end in final ruin.

Selfish argument and contention cannot result in good, as they issue from an evil source, and like the fruit of an evil tree they retain the parent nature. Neither is it wise to unite tacitly with the multitude for the sake of peace and with the hope of future rescue from its toils. Will and judgment will thus be sacrificed, and the unfortunate beings will become little better than living vanes, at the mercy of every change in the breath of human passions. Sages have ever retired from the jostling crowd and resigned themselves to calm, unimpassioned thought, when events of a momentous nature demanded action, and they have thus marshalled expedients equal to every emergency, and stood towers of strength and order in the midst of factious dissension. As with the great, so with the small matters of our life. Contending, restless spirits will ever mar the symmetry of social existence, and introduce confusion with their presence, merely for the sake of attaining that control over others to which they in turn refuse to yield obedience. Alas, that this principle should be so cherish-

ed in every heart! A little calm, philosophic reflection would discover its futility, and open a way for the introduction of high and holy aspirations.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. F. E. KNAPP.

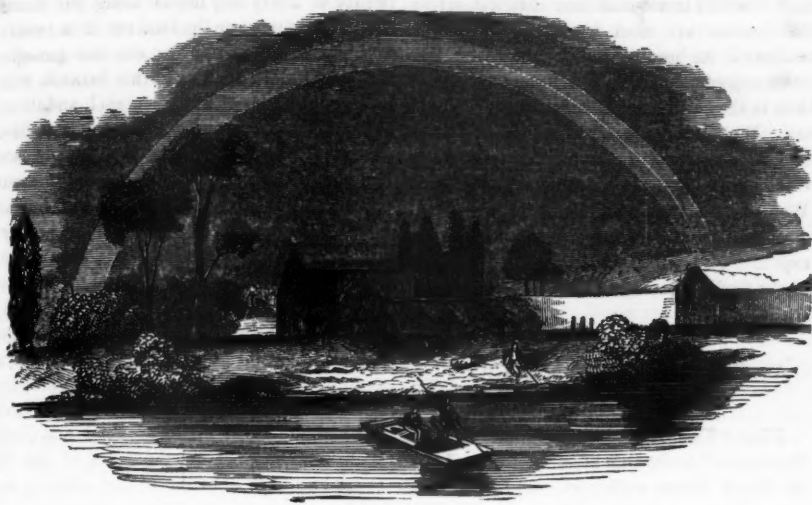
Aye, struggle on—though all of earth,
That seemed the fairest in thy sight,
Hath proved to be of little worth;
Though hopes so joyous and so bright,
That gathered round thy early morn,
Have vanished—leaving cold and dark
Thy wretched heart, with anguish torn;
Though love hath left scarce one bright spark
To kindle warmth within thy heart;
Though all seems lonely, dreary, sad;—
Though thine hath been a bitter part
In life's strange drama—still with glad
And earnest hope, beyond this vale
Of tears and sorrow, cast thine eye,
And calmly 'bide the fiercest gale,—
There's rest for thee—eternal rest on high.

Aye, struggle on—a home so bright
That mortals may not bear the sight
Is thine, when toils are ended here;
Nor night, nor sorrow, nor a tear,
Nor ought to sadden, e'er shall come
Within the precincts of that home.
Blest thought—'mid all thy pain and grief
Thy trials here will be but brief.

Nor only this—mayhap some heart
All "crushed and bleeding"—by thy part
Well borne, may 'cross a darkened sky,
Catch some bright glimpses from on high;—
Thus, gently, through a Saviour's love
Thou'lt guide a soul to joys above;
Beyond all price it were a bliss
To bear a mission such as this.

Then falter not—e'er looking up
To Him who drained life's bitter cup;
His love will bear thee safely through,
Though deepening waters round thee flow,
To cheer thy weary soul is given
Sweet promise of a home in Heaven.

An urchin, not quite three years old, said to his sister, while eating a piece of gingerbread, "Sis, take half ub dis cake to keep to afternoon, when I gets cross." This is nearly as good as the child that cried, from the top of the stair, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me."



THE RAINBOW.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

The most glorious vision depending upon the decomposition, refraction, and reflection of light, by the vapor of the atmosphere reduced to fluid drops, is the well-known arch projected during a shower of rain upon a cloud opposite to the sun, displaying all the tints of the solar spectrum. The first marked approximation to the true theory of the rainbow occurs in a volume, entitled "*De Radiis Visus et Lucis*," written by Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, published in the year 1611, at Venice. Descartes pursued the subject, and correctly explained some of the phenomena; but upon Newton's discovery of the different degrees of refrangibility in the different colored rays which compose the sunbeam, a pencil of white or compounded light, the cause of the colored bands in the rainbow, of the order of their position, and of the breadth they occupy, was at once apparent.

When rain is falling, and the sun is on the horizon, the bow appears a complete semi-circle, if the rain-cloud is sufficiently extensive to display it. Its extent diminishes as the solar altitude increases, because the colored arch is a portion of a circle whose centre is a point in the sky directly opposite to the sun. Above the height of 45° , the primary bow is invisible, and hence, in our climate, the rain-

bow is not seen in Summer about the middle of the day. In peculiar positions, a complete circle may be beheld, as when the shower is on a mountain, and the spectator in a valley; or when viewed from the top of a lofty pinnacle, nearly the whole circumference may sometimes be embraced. Ulloa and Bouguer describe circular rainbows, frequently seen on the mountains, which rise above the table-land of Quito. When rain is abundant, there is a secondary bow distinctly seen, produced by a double reflection. This is exterior to the primary one, and the intervening space has been observed to be occupied by an arch of colored light. The secondary bow differs from the other in exhibiting the same series of colors in an inverted order. Thus the red is the uppermost color in the interior bow, and the violet in the exterior. A ternary bow may exist, but it is so exceedingly faint from the repeated reflections as to be scarcely ever perceptible. The same lovely spectacle may be seen when the solar splendor falls upon the spray of the cataract and the waves, the shower of an artificial fountain, and the dew upon the grass. There is hardly any other object of nature more pleasing to the eye, or soothing to the mind, than the rainbow, when distinctly developed—a familiar sight in all regions, but

most common in mountainous districts, where the showers are most frequent. Poetry has celebrated its beauty; and to convey an adequate representation of its soft and variegated tints is the highest achievement of the painter's art. While the Hebrews called it the Bow of God, on account of its association with a Divine promise, and the Greeks the Daughter of Wonder, the rude inhabitants of the North gave expression to a fancy which its peculiar aspect might well create, styling it the Bridge of the Gods, a passage connecting heaven and earth.

ANTIQUITY OF THE EARTH.

BY HUGH MILLER.

[The "Two Records, the Mosaic and the Geological," is the title of a Lecture delivered by Hugh Miller, author of "Old Red Sandstone," &c., in Exeter Hall, London, and recently published in this country by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston. We make an interesting extract.]

There runs around the shores of Great Britain and Ireland a flat terrace of unequal breadth, backed by an escarpment of varied height and character, which is known to geologists as the Old Coast-line. On this flat terrace most of the seaport towns of the empire are built. The subsoil, which underlies its covering of vegetable mould, consists usually of stratified sands and gravels, arranged after the same fashion as on the neighboring beach, and interspersed in the same manner with sea-shells. The escarpment behind, when formed of materials of no great coherency, such as gravel or clay, exists as a sloping, grass-covered bank—at one place running out into promontories, that encroach upon the terrace beneath, at another receding into picturesque, bay-like recesses; and where composed, as in many localities, of rock of an enduring quality, we find it worn, as if by the action of the surf—in some parts relieved into insulated stacks, in others hollowed into deep caverns—in short, presenting all the appearances of a precipitous coast line, subjected to the action of the waves. Now, no geologist can, or does, doubt that this escarpment was at one time the coast-line of the island—the line against which the waves broke at high-water in some distant age, when either the sea stood from

twenty to thirty feet higher along our shores than it does now, or the land sat from twenty to thirty feet lower. Nor can the geologist doubt that along the flat terrace beneath, with its stratified beds of sand or gravel, and its accumulations of sea shells, the tides must have risen and fallen twice every day, as they now rise and fall along the beach that girdles our country. But, in reference to at least human history, the age of the Old Coast-line and terrace must be a very remote one. Though geologically recent, it lies far beyond the reach of any written record. It has been shown by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, one of our highest authorities on the subject, that the wall of Antoninus, erected by the Romans as a protection against the Northern Caledonians, was made to terminate at the Firths of Forth and Clyde, with relation—not to the level of the Old Coast-line—but to that of the existing one. And so we must infer that, ere the year A. D. 140 (the year during which, according to our antiquaries, the greater part of the wall was erected) the Old Coast-line had attained to its present elevation over the sea. Further, however, we know from the history of Diodorus the Sicilian, that at a period earlier by at least two hundred years, St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, was connected with the mainland at low water, just as it is now, by a flat isthmus, across which, upon the falling of the tide, the ancient Cornish miners used to carry over their tin in carts. Had the relative levels of sea and land been those of the Old-Coast line at the time, St. Michael's Mount, instead of being accessible at low ebb, would have been separated from the shore by a strait from three to five fathoms in depth. It would not have been then as now, as described in the verse of Carew—

"Both land and island twice a day."

But even the incidental notice of Diodorus Siculus represents very inadequately the antiquity of the existing coast-line. Some of its caves, hollowed in hard rock in the line of faults and shifts by the attrition of the surf, are more than a hundred feet in depth; and it must have required many centuries to excavate tough trap or rigid gneiss to a depth so considerable by a process so slow. And yet, however long the sea may have stood against the present coast-line, it must have stood for a considerably longer period against the ancient

one. The latter presents generally marks of greater attrition than the modern line, and its wave-hollowed caves are of a depth considerably more profound. In determining, on an extensive tract of coast, the average profundity of both classes of caverns, from a considerable number of each, I ascertained that the proportional average depth of the modern to the ancient is as two to three. For every two centuries, then, during which the waves have been scooping out the caves of the present coast-line, they must have been engaged for three centuries in scooping out those of the old one. But we know, *historically*, that for at least twenty centuries the sea has been toiling in these modern caves; and who shall dare affirm that it has not been toiling in them for at least ten centuries more? But if the sea has stood for but even two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line (and no geologist would dare fix his estimate lower,) then must it have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper, three thousand nine hundred years. And both periods united (six thousand five hundred years) more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does the epoch of the Old Coast-line form! It is but a mere starting-point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last six thousand five hundred years! The shells which lie embedded in the subsoils beneath the Old Coast-line are exactly those which still live in our seas.

Above this ancient line of coast, we find at various heights beds of shells of vastly older date than those of the low lying terrace, and many of which are no longer to be found living around our shores. I spent some time last autumn in exploring one of these beds—once a sea-bottom, but now raised two hundred and thirty feet over the sea—in which there occurred great numbers of shells now not British, though found in many parts of Britain at heights varying from two hundred to nearly fourteen hundred feet over the existing sea-level. But though no longer British shells, they are shells that still continue to live in high northern latitudes, as on the shores of Iceland and Spitzbergen; and the abundance in which they were developed on the submerged plains and hillsides of what are now England and Scotland, during what is termed the Pleisto-

cent period, shows of itself what a very protracted period that was. The prevailing shell of the bed which I last explored—a bed which occurs in some places six miles inland, in others elevated on the top of dizzy crags—is a subarctic tellina (*Tellina proxima*), of which only dead valves are now to be detected on our coasts, but which may be found living at the North Cape, and in Greenland. In this elevated Scottish bed, of the Pleistocene period, I laid this boreal shell open to the light by hundreds, on the spot evidently where the individuals had lived and died. Under the severe climatal conditions to which (probably from some change in the direction of the Gulf-stream) what is now Northern Europe had been brought, this tellina had increased and multiplied until it became a prevailing shell of the British area; and this increase must have been the slow work of ages, during which the plains—and not a few of the table-lands—of the country were submerged in a sub-arctic sea, and Great Britain existed as but a scattered archipelago of wintry islands. But in a still earlier period, of which there exists unequivocal evidence in the buried forests of Happisburg and Cromer, the country had not only its head above water, as now, but seems to have possessed even more than its present breadth of surface. During this ancient time—more remote by many centuries than not only the times of the Old Coast-line, but than even those of the partial submergence of the island—that northern mammoth lived in great abundance, of which the remains have been found by hundreds in England alone, together with the northern hippopotamus, and at least two northern species of rhinoceros. And though they have all ceased to exist, with their wild associates in the forests and jungles of the Pleistocene, the cave-hyæna, the cave-tiger, and the cave-bear, we know that the descendants of some of their feeblener contemporaries, such as the badger, the fox, and the wild cat, still live amid our hills and brakes. The trees, too, under which they roamed, and whose remains we find buried in the same deposits as theirs, were of species that still hold their place as aboriginal trees of the country, or of at least the more northerly provinces of the continent. The common Scotch fir, the common birch, and a continental species of conifer of the far north, the Norwegian spruce (*Abies excelsa*), have been found underlying the Pleis-

toocene drift, and rooted in the Mammiferous Crag; and for many ages must the old extinct elephant have roamed amid these familiar trees. From one limited tract of sea-bottom on the Norfolk coast, the fishermen engaged in dredging oysters brought ashore, in the course of thirteen years (from 1820 to 1833.) no fewer than two thousand elephants' grinders, besides great tusks and numerous portions of skeletons. It was calculated that these remains could not have belonged to fewer than five hundred individual mammoths or English growth; and various in their states of keeping, and belonging to animals of which only a few at a time could have found sufficient food in a limited tract of country, the inference seems inevitable, that they must have belonged, not to one or two, but to many succeeding generations. The further fact that remains of this ancient elephant (*Elephas primigenius*) occur all round the globe in a broad belt, extending from the fortieth to near the seventieth degree of north latitude, leads to the same conclusion. It must have required many ages ere an animal that breeds so slowly as the elephant could have extended itself over an area so vast.

Many of the contemporaries of this northern mammoth, especially of its molluscan contemporaries, continue, as I have said, to live in their descendants. Of even a still more ancient period, represented by the Red Crag, seventy out of every hundred species of shells still exist; and of an older period still, represented by the Coralline Crag, there survive sixty out of every hundred. In the Red Crag, for instance, we find the first known ancestors of our common edible periwinkle and common edible mussel; and in the Coralline Crag the first known ancestors of the common horse-mussel, the common whelk, the common oyster, and the great pecten. There then occurs a break in the geologic deposits of Britain, which, however, in other parts of Europe we find so filled up as to render it evident that no corresponding break took place in the chain of existence; but that, on the contrary, from the present time up to the times represented by the earliest Eocene formations of the Tertiary division, day has succeeded day, and season has followed season, and that no chasm or hiatus—no age of general chaos, darkness, and death, has occurred to break the line of succession, or check the course of life. All the evidence runs counter to the

supposition, that immediately before the appearance of man upon earth, there existed a chaotic period which separated the previous from the present creation. Up till the commencement of the Eocene ages, if even then, there was no such chaotic period in at least what is now Britain and the European continent;—the persistency from a high antiquity of some of the existing races, of not only plants and shells, but of even some of the mammiferous animals, such as the badger, the goat, and the wild cat, prove there was not; and any scheme of reconciliation which takes such a period for granted must be deemed as unsuited to the present state of geologic knowledge, as any scheme would have been forty years ago which took it for granted that the writings of Moses do "fix the antiquity of the globe."

CZARISM—ITS HISTORICAL ORIGIN.

Various deep or shallow metaphysical and psychological speculations have been laid down upon the reasons, in virtue of which the office and power of the Czar of Russia, with all its criteria of unity, despotism, autocracy, and, very often, of bloody, pitiless tyranny, has taken strong and seemingly indestructible root in the most vivid feelings of the Russian people of all classes and shades. For the solution of this question, how and why Czarism has become thus almost a principal element of the national life and growth, one must look not to abstract theorems, hatched out in the convolutions of the brain, but simply to history. There it stands, a simple, pure historical fact, like many other facts; and there is the succession of events by which this form of absolute monarchy has risen to such eminence, and become, as it were, a religious creed of the people.

This institution, or form of monarchy, which we call Czarism, arose, in its present attributes, or, at least, began to work itself out in Russia during the epoch of Tartar dominion and aggression. Previous to that epoch, and from about the IXth or Xth century, from the Dnieper (Borysthene), the Dniester, the Carpathian Mountains, where now extends Galicia, to the Dwina and the Wolga, Russia was ruled by a number of princes (Kniazia), some weak, others more powerful, who, to a certain degree, were independent, but who all recog-

mized the supremacy of their lord paramount, the Grand Duke of Kieff, called *Weliki Kniaz*. These principalities had nothing in them of any feudal origin or principle, but were simply the results of a successive division of the general patrimony among the heirs and children of Ruryk the Norman and his brother, and thus they were all held by kindred and relations. Even the two most ancient republics since the Christian era—those of Novgorod the Great, and of Pskoff—the historical manifestations of the first, being distinctly visible even in the IVth century, and both of them flourishing by free institutions and extensive trade, when Germany and the north-west of Europe were in utter darkness—recognized the above mentioned Grand Ducal supremacy from about the IXth century forward.

The division of the country into smaller and smaller principalities increased continually, and murderous family feuds were frequent among them. This facilitated the conquest by the Tartars in the XIIIth century. To resist them there was neither unity of command nor of obedience, and thus no unity of action. They accordingly subdued all and established their supremacy. We shall not follow here all the vicissitudes of fortune which the Grand Dukedom underwent. This title passed from one lineage to another, changed seats, wandered from Kieff to many other spots, such as Wladimir and others, until, in the last years of the XIIIth century, it finally found a resting place in Moscow.

The Tartar rule did not change in the least the internal organization of Russia. The Tartar chieftains or Khans did not interfere at all with its internal administration. The Tartars did not spread over the country or settle in any spot whatever in the interior, either in villages or cities. The two races never came into peaceful contact. They did not intermarry or intermingle, being separated *de facto* by immense distances and broad and barren plains. But if they had been thrown together, even then the watchfulness of the Eastern, or Græco-Russian Church—the intense, vivid religious feeling in the bosom of all classes of the people, the hatred of the conqueror, and of his Mahometan creed—all these violent elements would have been sufficient to prevent any important union of the two races. The family to which descended the dignity of the Grand

Dukes in Moscow, and the supremacy over the Empire, proved itself, from the beginning of its power, to be inspirited and moved by a statesman-like conception. This was by working uninterruptedly, from father to son, to frame out the unity of the Empire, to concentrate all its powers and resources in one hand, as an engine for the overthrow of the hateful Tartar dominion. It was through the Grand Dukes alone that the Tartar Khans communicated with the Empire. The yearly tribute, to be paid from the whole, was collected by the Grand Dukes, and they alone were responsible for it. Every one ascending the Grand Ducal throne was obliged to seek his confirmation from the Khan, and visit him in his seat or residence at Horda. The Tartar chiefs abandoned to the Grand Dukes the uncontrolled management of all internal affairs. Of this, the latter availed themselves, during nearly two centuries, in order to absorb and destroy all the petty princes scattered over the Empire. Force and cunning were largely used. The work was a fearful and bloody one; but it succeeded, and the unity of the Empire, under one supreme despotic power, was the result. Some of those independent dynasties were wholly exterminated; the greater number, however, were forcibly reduced to give up their sovereignties. Such still preserved large private estates, by way of indemnity, and retained the title of Prince (*Kniaz*), taking up their permanent abode in Moscow under the eye of the sovereign. Such is the origin of the countless numbers of princes still to be found in Russia.

In many respects, the Tartar supremacy materially aided the Grand Dukes in their enterprise, and thus served to accumulate materials for its own destruction. At last, feeling their strength, the Grand Dukes of Moscow directed their whole energy and weight against the Tartar. This struggle for independence lasted about thirty years. Moscow and Russia bought their liberation by streams of blood. The final battle, called that of the Giants, and lasting for three days, on the plains of Kulikowo, crowned the effort with a complete victory.

In this struggle, the religious feelings of the nation were exalted to the utmost intensity. The cross fought with the Grand Dukes against the crescent. It was a sacred warfare. The

Grand Duke, the supreme power, the despotic unity, was the soul of the combat. He was sanctified by the Church, and in this powerful moment dawned the identification of the supreme political head of the nation, with its religious worship and sentiment.

The Tartar was crushed. His destroyer—the Grand Duke, the despot, the personification of Autocracy, the Czar, as he began now to call himself—ruled with an iron rod. But as honor and nationality had been vindicated, the grateful people supported rather patiently the bloody lash from time to time brought down upon them. Not a century had elapsed, ere again the nationality of the Russians, their religion, their whole national life and independence, were again brought to the verge of a precipice, and were on the eve of being wholly blotted out, destroyed, and changed, by foreign conquest, facilitated by violent internal dissensions.

The direct lineage of the Czars was destroyed by murder. A usurper ascended the throne, and false pretenders, supported by Polish armies, established themselves in the holy city of Moscow, in the sacred Kremlin. Romanism and the Jesuits were to crowd out the Eastern, or National Church and worship. The Czars (Schujski) who had been elected by a part of the nobility and the people of Moscow, after the overthrow of one of the pretenders, were brought chained to Poland, and died, in Warsaw, in close confinement. It was in the beginning of the XVIIth century. The Poles ruled for several years in Moscow, and the two crowns were on the eve of being united on the head of a Polish prince—which union, if fulfilled, would have absorbed or changed the distinct, genuine nationality of the Russians. All this was the result of the violent interruption above referred to in the lineage of the Czars. Religion inflamed the people—the enemy then established in Moscow was driven out—victory crowned the efforts of the religious patriots, and the palladium of nationality was restored. The whole people, without distinction of classes, now elected the house of Romanoff to the supreme dignity. These events strengthened in the popular mind the belief in the intimate, almost divine blending of religion and of Czarism—of its providential necessity for the life and the welfare of the nation. Czarism, as an idea, is not im-

planted or based solely on one class of the nation, as were the mediæval monarchies of Europe, or that of Hungary and that of Poland. It is identified with the religion and with the whole mass of the people. This is confessed by the crown in all moments of dangerous crisis, and is evinced by all the imperial proclamations from the time of Michael, Peter the Great, and Catharine, down to that published in 1849, after the conquest of Hungary. All bear nearly the same stamp. Humble in respect to religion, but proud of the Russian nationality, and contemptuous and arrogant with regard to any foreign nation or government, even in regard to the whole world out of Russia. This style of speech agrees with the intimate, vivid feelings of the masses, who are firm in their creed. They believe themselves to be the first people in the world—the only true Christian people—for whom Russia, the fatherland, is the white, or the holy land—all the rest of the world being dark, or black—and the capital, Moscow, most white, holy and sacred. Thus, any foreigner who invades Russia is a heathen, and not a Christian.

The Russian Autocracy shrewdly works out and avails itself of this intensity of feeling and its convictions, in order to maintain and strengthen its unnatural power. By extending the frontiers of the Empire—by conquering other countries, or, as now, pressing upon Europe by a certain moral hallucination, and becoming the supreme arbiter of her destinies; that Autocracy gives nourishment and satisfaction to the unbounded national pride, quenches, for a time, the countless internal dissatisfactions—gives them no time and no breath to combine, unite and concentrate together.

The parasitic philosophers of the XVIIIth century baptized this singular despotism of the Czars with the more civilized phrase of Imperialism, and adulated it accordingly. This, again, to a certain degree, reacted on the nation, and strengthened in it the power of the Czar, or, as we may now call it, the imperial creed. The people believed that from it they received a position in the affairs of the world, a glorious and a prominent place among the elder nations. If the Emperor or Czar tramples under his spurred foot the kings, princes, and nations of Europe, even the poorest serf believes he shares in the act, and glories in the

glory of the Czar. Thus the Autocrat is the great embodiment of the whole Russian nation. *Znag ruskogo*, "Know the Russian!" is in such cases the general exclamation of content.

The despotic, all-devouring and absorbing creed which we have called Czarism, is thus a simple result of time and of events. But such results, whatever be their strength, however deep their roots, or however great their duration, are finally undone, dissolved, destroyed by the same elements, by the same agencies which raised them. Time evokes new elements of activity and a new range of events; some of them, springing from its own existence, will carry Czarism away with irresistible force into the eternal abyss. The question is, when its knell will sound? That blessed hour is not so distant as some suppose. So much for the historical formation of this Autocracy.—*Russia as it Is*, by Count Gorowski.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

HIERO'S GALLEY.—The galley built for Hiero under the superintendence of Archimedes, was considered at the time as one of the wonders of the age. It was furnished with twenty benches of oars, and had three large apartments, with all the conveniences of a spacious palace. The floor of the middle apartment was inlaid in colors, and represented the stories of Homer's *Iliad*. The other parts of this room were finished in wonderful style, and embellished with various ornaments. The upper room was fixed as a gymnasium, and garden, with walks and plants. But the finest apartment was that of Venus. The floors were inlaid with agate and precious stones, and the windows were adorned with paintings upon ivory, and small statues. In this room was a library, and a bath with three great coppers, and a bathing vessel holding two hundred and fifty quarts, made of a single stone of various colors. The bath was supplied with water from a reservoir at the head of the ship, which held one hundred thousand quarts.

The vessel was adorned on all sides by fine paintings. There were eight towers, two at the prow, two at the stern, and four in the middle of the vessel, surrounded by parapets, from which stones could be thrown upon the enemy by means of machines constructed by Archimedes. Each tower was guarded by four young men and two archers. Although this

vessel was so very deep, it could be emptied by one man in a short time by a machine invented by Archimedes for that purpose. The ship was sent by Hiero to Ptolemy, king of Egypt.

CURIOUS CUSTOM RESPECTING A HARE.—They have an ancient custom at Coleshill, in the county of Warnick, Eng. If the young men can catch a hare and take it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calf's head and one hundred eggs for their breakfast, and a groat in money.

HEIDELBURG CLOCK.—There was upon the town house at Heidelberg, a most curious piece of mechanism. It was a clock, and when it struck, the figure of an old man pulled off his hat, a cock crew and clapped his wings, soldiers fought with each other, &c. This clock was destroyed by the French when they burned the town and castle in 1693.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In Holland, every house, no matter whether the inmates are rich or poor, has a door raised three feet from the ground, which is never opened except on two occasions. When any one of the family are married, the bride and bridegroom pass in at this door, and when any one dies he is carried out through it. Except on these two occasions, it is said that this door never turns upon its hinges.

MURDERING STATUE.—When Kenith, king of Scotland, had killed Malcolm Duff, kinsman of Fenella, it so enraged her, that she caused a death-dealing statue to be made. In one of its hands was a golden apple, set round with precious stones. If any one touched this, he was immediately killed with darts which the statue either threw or shot at him. Kenith not suspecting danger, was invited and came to the place, and was slain by the statue, after which Fenella fled to Ireland.

SINGULAR CURIOSITY.—A gentleman in Boston is said to have in his possession a flint pebble found among the ballast thrown into a vessel at an Eastern port. When broken, it presented two heads in profile, all the outlines being very distinct. The heads were of a darker color than the rest of the stone. Strange to say, one of the heads was that of a male, the other of a female; even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to each. The heads were placed in the stone face to face.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN WALES.—The marriage custom in some parts of Wales is very peculiar. On the morning of the wedding day, the bridegroom, together with his friends, appear mounted on horses and demand the bride. Her friends, also on horseback, return a decided refusal, at which a mock scuffle ensues. The bride, mounted behind her nearest kinsman, is carried off, and is pursued by the bridegroom and his friends. After they have tired their horses, he is permitted to catch her, and the ceremony is ended with festivity and rejoicing.

LADY OF THE LAMB.—In Oxfordshire, Eng., on the next Monday after Whitsun week, a fat lamb used to be taken, and all the maids of the town having their thumbs tied behind them, ran after it, and she who with her mouth caught and held the lamb, was pronounced "Lady of the Lamb." The lamb was then dressed by the butcher, and with the skin hanging on, was fastened to a pole and carried before the lady and her companions to the green, where the rest of day was spent in dancing and mirth. The next day the lamb was roasted, baked and boiled for the lady's feast, at which she sat at the head of the table with her companions. Music and dancing ended the ceremony.

J. A. A.

NEAR THE BANKS OF THAT LONE RIVER.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago!

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not;
They're the same in weal or woe;
And that star of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.

LOVE'S FAIRY RING.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

While Titans war with social Jove,
My own sweet wife and I,
We make Elysium in our love,
And let the world go by!
Oh! never hearts beat half so light
With crowned Queen or King!
Oh! never world was half so bright—
As is our fairy ring,

Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Our world of empire is not large,
But priceless wealth it holds;
A little heaven links marge to marge,
But what rich realms it folds!
And clasping all from outer strife
Sits love with folded wing,
A-brood o'er dearer life in life,
Within our fairy ring,

Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Thou leanst thy true heart on mine,
And bravely bearest up!
Aye, mingling love's most precious wine
In life's most bitter cup!
And evermore the circling hours
New gifts of glory bring;
We live and love like happy flowers
All in our fairy ring,

Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

We've known a many sorrows, sweet!
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our sky grew dark and wild,
All closelier did we cling;
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,
Peace crowned our fairy ring,

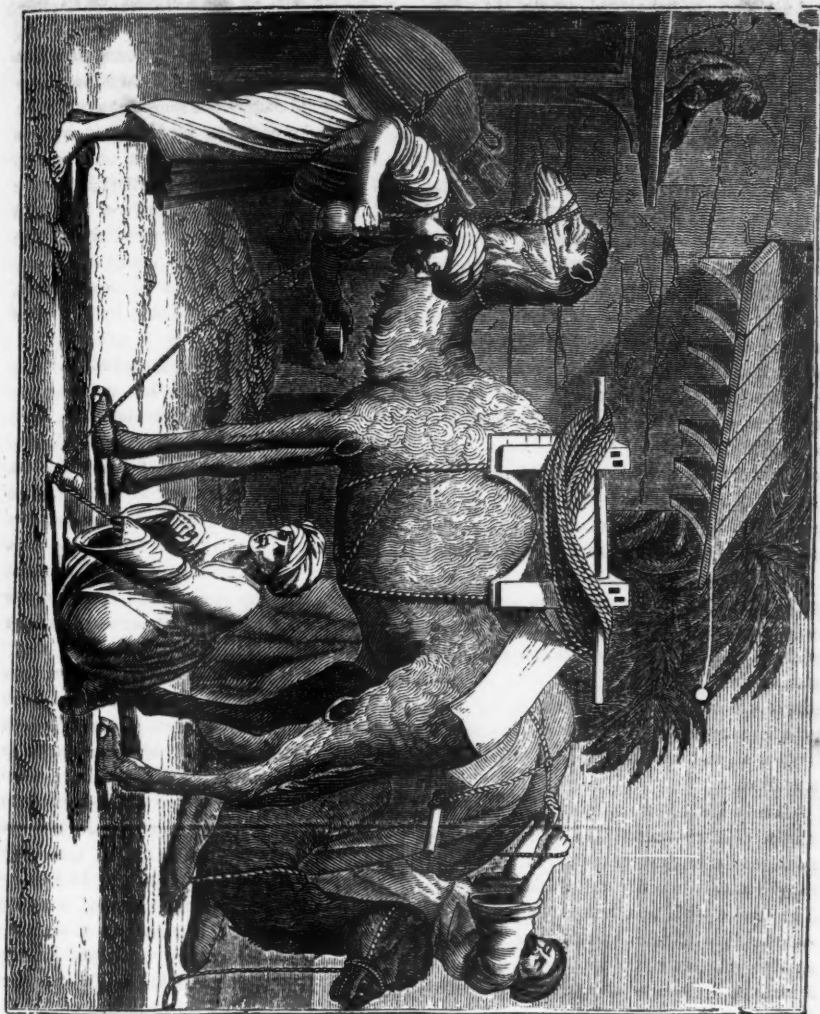
Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Away, grim lords of murderdom;
Away, oh! Hate and Strife!
Hence, revellers, reeling drunken from
Your feast of human life!
Heaven shield our little Goshen round,
From ills that with them spring,
And never be their footsteps found
Within our fairy ring,

Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.



THE ARABIAN CAMEL.

Over the arid and thirsty deserts of Asia and Africa, the camel affords to man the only means of intercourse between one country and another. The camel has been created with an especial adaptation to the regions wherein it has contributed to the comfort, and even to the very existence, of man, from the earliest ages. It is constituted to endure the severest hardships with little physical inconvenience. Its feet are formed to tread lightly upon a dry and

shifting soil; its nostrils have the capacity of closing, so as to shut out the driving sand when the whirlwind scatters it over the desert; it is provided with a peculiar apparatus for retaining water in its stomach, so that it can march from well to well without great inconvenience, although they be several hundred miles apart. And thus, when a company of Eastern merchants cross from Aleppo to Basora, over a plain of sand which offers no re-

freshment to the exhausted senses, the whole journey being about eight hundred miles, the camel of the heavy caravan moves cheerfully along, with a burden of six or seven hundred weight, at the rate of twenty miles a day; while those of greater speed, that carry a man, without much other load, go forward at double that pace and daily distance. Patient under his duties, he kneels down at the command of his driver, and rises up cheerfully with his load. He requires no whip or spur during his monotonous march, but, like many other animals, he feels an evident pleasure in musical sounds; and, therefore, when fatigue comes upon him, the driver sings some cheering snatch of his Arabian melodies, and the delighted creature toils forward with a brisker step till the hour of rest arrives, when he again kneels down to have his load removed for a little while; and, if the stock of food be not exhausted, he is further rewarded with a few mouthfuls of the cake of barley, which he carries for the sustenance of his master and himself. Under a burning sun, upon an arid soil, enduring great fatigue, sometimes entirely without food for days, and seldom completely slaking his thirst more than once during a progress of several hundred miles, the camel is patient and apparently happy. He ordinarily lives to a great age, and is seldom visited by any disease.

Camels are of two species. That with one hump, which is represented with his ordinary pack-saddle in our engraving, is the Arabian camel, and is usually called the dromedary. The species with two humps is the Bactrian camel. The Asiatics and Africans distinguish as dromedaries those camels which are used for riding. There is no essential difference in the species, but only in the breed. The camel of the heavy caravan—the baggage camel—may be compared to the dray horse; the dromedary to the hunter, and, in some instances, to the race horse. Messengers on dromedaries, according to Burckhardt, have gone from Daraou to Berber in eight days, while he was twenty-two days with the caravan on the same journey. Mr. Jackson, in his account of the Empire of Morocco, tells a romantic story of a swift dromedary, whose natural pace was accelerated in an extraordinary manner by the enthusiasm of his rider:—

“Talking with an Arab of Suse, on the subject of these fleet camels, and the desert horse, he assured me that he knew a young man who was passionately fond of a lovely girl, whom nothing would satisfy but some oranges. These were not to be procured at Mogadore, and, as the lady wanted the best fruit, nothing less than Morocco oranges would satisfy her. The Arab mounted his heirie at dawn of day, went to Morocco (about one hundred miles from Mogadore), purchased the oranges, and returned that night, after the gates were shut, but sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries.”

The training of the camels to bear burdens, in the countries of the East, has not been minutely described by any traveller. M. Brue, who, at the latter part of the seventeenth century, had the management of the affairs of a French commercial company at Senegal, says:

“Soon after a camel is born, the Moors tie his feet under his belly, and, having thrown a large cloth over his back, put heavy stones at each corner of the cloth, which rests on the ground. They in this manner accustom him to receive the heaviest loads.”

Both ancient and modern authors agree tolerably well in their accounts of the load which a camel can carry. Sandys, in his *Travels in the Holy Land*, says “six hundred weight in his ordinary load, yet will he carry a thousand.” The caravans are distinguished as *light* or *heavy*, according to the load which the camels bear. The average load of the heavy, or slow-going camel, as stated by Major Rennell, who investigated their rate of travelling with great accuracy, is from five to six hundred pounds. Burckhardt says that his luggage and provisions weighing only two hundred weight, and his camel being capable of carrying six hundred weight, he sold him, contracting for the transport of his luggage across the desert. The camel sometimes carries large panniers, filled with heavy goods; sometimes bales are strapped on his back, fastened either with cordage made of the palm tree, or leathern thongs; and sometimes two, or more, will bear a sort of litter, in which women and children ride with considerable ease.

The expense of maintaining these valuable creatures is remarkable little: a cake of barley, a few dates, a handful of beans, will suffice, in addition to the hard and prickly shrubs which

they find in every district but the very wildest of the desert. They are particularly fond of those vegetable productions which other animals would never touch, such as plants which are like spears and daggers in comparison with the needles of the thistle, and which often pierce the incautious traveller's boot. He might wish such thorns eradicated from the earth, if he did not behold the camel contentedly browsing upon them; for he thus learns that Providence has made nothing in vain. Their teeth are peculiarly adapted for such a diet. Differing from all other ruminating tribes, they have two strong cutting teeth in the upper jaw; and of the six grinding teeth, one on each side, in the same jaw, has a crooked form; their canine teeth, of which they have two in each jaw, are very strong; and in the lower jaw the two external cutting teeth have a pointed form, and the foremost of the grinders is also pointed and crooked. They are thus provided with a most formidable apparatus for cutting and tearing the hardest vegetable substance. But the camel is, at the same time, organized so as to graze upon the finest herbage and browse upon the most delicate leaves; for his upper lip being divided, he is enabled to nip off the tender shoots and turn them into his mouth with the greatest facility. Whether the sustenance, therefore, which he finds, be of the coarsest or the softest kind, he is equally prepared to be satisfied with and to enjoy it.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here—
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the Daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
At every step the stamp of God.

GODFATHER VIVIAN.

BY MEETA.

[If any one can read the following story with dry eyes, he can do more than the EDITOR of the HOME MAGAZINE.]

It was early in a July afternoon, when the carriage set me down at Peekwood, whither I had gone to spend the holidays. I walked quickly up the old lane of roses and sweet-briar, thinking all the way of Jenny and Robert, and of the delightful days we should pass together. It was such a long time since we had parted last—or, at least, it seemed so. I was somewhat disappointed when, instead of Jenny's pretty, laughing face appearing at the door, I beheld the two prim forms of her step-aunts.

Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope welcomed me, but not cordially—that they never did.

"Where's Jenny?" said I, giving a half-pressure to the cold fingers which received me.

"Jenny is with Robert, at present," replied Miss Lucretia, stiffly.

"And Robert is in disgrace," subjoined Miss Penelope, austere.

A cloud, dark and lowering, overshadowed the promised sunshine of the delightful holidays. I stood irresolute—half wishing, half fearing to ask if I might go to them. Miss Lucretia anticipated me.

"You will find your companions in the south room. I will send up your trunk, immediately."

I scarcely waited to hear the second announcement. I was already at the foot of the stairs. Up I flew, two steps at a time, all red, and dusty, and full of love. I found them together in the south room. Robert, sitting silently by the window, and Jenny, upon her knees beside him. Oh! what a glad shout he gave when he saw me, and how Jenny cried and laughed alternately. For a time, disgrace was forgotten, and it seemed just as if old times on the sea-beach had returned again. But gradually the settled sorrow stole back over Robert's face.

"What is it all about?" asked I, as we three sat together; and they told me from beginning to end. In a moment of great temptation, Robert had taken that which was not his own. He had stolen—he was a thief! Never shall I forget the world of anguish that

passed over his countenance as he said these words—such a bitter, regretful anguish.

"And have you told *all* the circumstances to your aunts?" I again inquired.

"No," replied Robert, proudly; "they would neither understand or believe me, if I did."

"Perhaps they might forgive you."

"Never! They have sent up, this morning, for godfather Vivian. I don't know what will be done with me."

I had heard of godfather Vivian before, but none of us three had ever seen him. He had lived abroad until during the last year, and, though he had sometimes made short visits to Peekwood, it always happened that he came when Jenny and Robert were absent from home. This announcement of his coming silenced us momentarily. We were all thinking of him.

"I know," said Robert, mournfully, after a pause, "I know that he is hard-hearted and unfeeling, or else they never would have sent for him. I expect to have no mercy shown me."

"I am afraid you're right, Robert," said I, sadly, and with tears in my eyes.

"I can foresee everything," exclaimed Jenny, passionately, while she held her brother's hand. "I can see him before me just as if I had known him all my life. Tall, grim, hard, unfeeling, stern, implacable and unforgiving. That's godfather Vivian."

It was a faithful picture to us, and we took it home. We decided that he was a very ogre, and that Robert was to prepare for the worst and most speedy of punishments.

Two hours passed away. We sat sorrowful and without hope. Suddenly, Jenny, who had been watching the window intently, sprang back, clasping her hands, and crying out—

"He's coming! he's coming! The carriage is just coming up the avenue. Oh! Robert, Robert!"

She threw herself upon the floor, and hid her face upon Robert's knee.

He sank back in his chair, his brave, handsome face looking white and ghostly, with the black curls clinging around it. I gained the window, and looked hastily out. A plain, brown, travelling carriage was winding slowly up to the portico. Yes; godfather Vivian had come. Poor Robert! it was all over with him.

Minutes passed away—they seemed hours to us—and then there was a noise at our chamber door. It opened, and admitted the two stepaunts—Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope. They looked rigid, austere, and boding ill. They beckoned solemnly to Robert. He arose, and walked between them. There was no fear expressed in his face, but he looked worn and wretched. Jenny and I followed; and thus, in awful state, we proceeded to the tribunal.

The door of the old library stood open, as if awaiting our entrance. As we passed in, Robert's head sank lower upon his breast, while Jenny and I walked with downcast eyes. We felt that we were in the dreaded presence, and we did not wish to behold it.

There was a breathless pause. Then a round, mellow, beautiful voice, full of sweetness, broke the silence.

"How's this? Robert, my boy, what's the matter?"

I thought that, all at once, a tide of blossoms, and fragrance, and sunshine, had burst into the grim, old library. Robert lifted his head and downcast eyes. So did Jenny, and so did I. In the centre of the apartment, on the old-fashioned hair lounge, sat godfather Vivian. No tall, grim, unfeeling guardian. No stern, implacable, unforgiving ogre. But a hale, healthy personage, in the prime of life, with a beautiful, benign countenance and tender, peaceful, blue eyes.

A single streak of sunlight, which was playing on the wall, glanced now and then across his greyish-brown hair and white, unwrinkled brow.

Robert stood before him, his hair tossed aside from his face, which now wore a reassured, grateful look. The stepaunts seated themselves, upright and gloomy, one on either side.

"Mr. Vivian," said Miss Lucretia, by way of preface, "a circumstance like this has never happened in my family. I consider my sister's memory disgraced by this unpardonable action which her stepson has committed."

"Mr. Vivian," concluded Miss Penelope, "a Marchmont never would have perpetrated an act so unworthy of his ancestors."

"Go on, Robert," said the mellow voice, mildly. "Tell me all—tell everything."

"Yes, yes, go on," repeated Miss Lucretia, with acrimony. "Be explicit, and don't lie."

Robert's face flushed, his dark eyes glanced passionately, and he bit his lips as if to suppress his just anger. Then he became subdued again and sorrowful.

"Godfather Vivian," he began, but broke down at these words. Then he rallied and went on, remorsefully, but bravely.

"For sometime past, in going to my place of employ, I have been in the habit of dropping in to visit a poor family, who live in that vicinity. The family consist of a drunken father, a mother, and a crippled child. While I had a little money to spare, besides what I invested, and what I spent in pastime, I gave it to the poor woman for the sake of her child.

"For a week past, the child has lain very ill—almost at the point of death. During her sufferings, her constant desire has been for fruit—for oranges, which delicacy her mother was unable to buy with her scanty means. Yesterday, while I stood at the bedside, her pleadings were heart-rending, and I almost cried because I could not give them to her. I had spent foolishly the little pocket-money I had, and there was no more to be procured until the next month.

"All the way to my employer's I thought about it, and half the day it haunted me. In the afternoon, I entered the counting-room for some article. The apartment was empty, no one was near, and upon the desk lay a few bright silver pieces. Temptation was before me. I thought of the sick-bed of the little child, with its parched lips and piteous cry. I forgot what I had come for, and yet lingered in the room. If I took the money, I could easily replace it again. Only one month, and then I would replace it all, perhaps more than I took. Then something whispered to me, 'Oh! Robert, don't steal,' and I started at my own thoughts. I tried to say my prayers, but I had forgotten them. I glanced involuntarily at the money, and said 'Our Father,' but it wouldn't do."

Here Robert broke down again, and covered his face with his hands. Somebody sobbed. It wasn't Robert, nor Miss Lucretia, nor her sister. It wasn't Jenny, either, although she was weeping silently. It was godfather Vivian. His face was covered with his white

handkerchief, and his breast heaved with emotion.

Robert continued, shading his eyes with his hand.

"I left the counting-room not as I had entered it a few moments before. There was a great weight on my heart, and I felt no longer fearless and honest, but trembled at a sound. I hurried away from thought, and the place of my temptation. I bought the oranges, and carried them to the sick bedside. The mother gave me a blessing, but it sounded more like a curse. I never, never could be upright and honest again, I was so sunk in my own esteem. Oh! sir, I have suffered just here," placing his hand upon his breast, "more than words can tell. It seems as if I had passed through years of punishment and horror. The money has been replaced by my aunts, and Heaven knows my torture has been severe."

Robert ceased speaking and stood with bowed head, the perfect picture of youthful despair. He asked for no clemency, and he need not have asked for it.

Godfather Vivian removed the handkerchief from his face.

"Mr. Vivian," said Miss Lucretia, leaning forward, "he deserves all and everything. Let him not escape."

"Mr. Vivian, be severe," said Miss Penelope, eyeing him closely.

Godfather Vivian arose from his seat, calmly and with mild dignity. He spoke clearly and distinctly—

"Judged not lest that ye be judged also."

The stepaunts exchanged glances. He continued. He spoke eloquently and long. He made an appeal to the stony hearts before him, and they melted at his touch. He asked them if for one offence he should crush for ever the hopes and spring-time of youth. If he should trample upon repentance, and toss lightly away a soul, noble and brave, but erring.

There was pathos in his tones—a great depth and tenderness. Oh! how great and good he looked, standing there, with love and pity and tears in his eyes! He finished his appeal—he turned—he held out his arms.

"Robert, my boy, cheer up! There's a long life before you. Be honest, be strong, be hopeful. Never despair, and never throw away life because of a single false step."

Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope sat with downcast eyes, struggling to regain their ancient pride. I buried my head in the window-curtain, and cried heartily.

When I looked up, Robert was in godfather Vivian's arms, and sobbing upon his brave, broad breast. Jenny was there, too, with her

hands clasped about his neck, and her bright hair waving down around him.

And the tide of blossoms, and fragrance, and sunshine, kept swelling and gliding into the grim library, keeping pace with the round, murmuring, mellow voice. Noble, generous, brave-hearted, godfather Vivian!



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST.

This eminent painter was born in 1738, of Quaker parents, in a forest home in Pennsylvania, not very distant from the city of Philadelphia. The accompanying cut is a faithful sketch of the homestead, as it stood a century afterward.

An incident is related of West's early life, which exhibits, in the strongest light the fertility of true genius, wherever found, in expedients and resources. At the period of which we write, the fine arts were little fostered in the new world, and, least of all, among the Society of Friends, whose austere habits are not favorable to their culture; and the abode of Benjamin was guiltless of any decorations that should awaken the desire in his bosom for vain show, or the productions of imagination. He had never beheld a painting or engraving, nor is it probable that he had ever heard of

one. When he was but seven years old, a sister of his, with an infant daughter, came to visit at his mother's. Mrs. West and daughter going into the garden one day to cull flowers, Benjamin was meanwhile charged with the care of his little niece, then slumbering in the cradle. The babe happened to smile in its sleep; and Benjamin, who was intently watching it, was so arrested by its beauty at that moment, that he conceived the idea of sketching with pen and ink its lovely features; for both red and black ink, paper and pens, lay upon the table. While occupied in taking the child's portrait—his first artistical attempt—his mother and sister made their appearance. In his confusion he hastily endeavored to conceal his work, fearing, perhaps, their disapprobation. His mother, however, desired to see the paper, and poor Benjamin could only comply, begging her not to be displeased. Mrs. West was struck with the fidel-

ity of the drawing, and after gazing delightedly upon it a moment, exclaimed to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of our little Sally!" She kissed her son with pride and fondness; and no obstacles were thrown in the way of his pursuit, so innocently adopted. Some Indians visiting in the neighborhood soon after, gave him red and yellow paints, and from his mother he obtained a piece of indigo; and pussy yielded to his scissors, the best possible substitute for camels' hair. Benjamin found subjects in abundance for his pencil, delineating faithfully the homestead, the meeting-house, the trees and birds, and whatever struck his fancy.

Thus matters went on until our young artist had reached the age of sixteen. It now became necessary that he should adopt a pursuit; after due consultation in family council, it was concluded that Benjamin should be allowed to study painting as a profession, and there were numerous friends to concur in assisting the early adept in his favorite occupation. He painted successfully for a time in Lancaster, both on portraits and historical sketches. At the age of eighteen he removed to Philadelphia, where he immediately acquired a wide reputation as an artist. He spent two years in this city, studying assiduously, and constantly employed in his cherished vocation.

Leaving Philadelphia, he took up his residence in New York—where he was already known to fame—and was immediately enabled to double his prices. At the age of twenty-one years he found himself possessed of sufficient means to undertake a voyage to Italy, with the view to cultivate a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his art. He took ship for Leghorn, not without sundry additions to his moderate resources, from beneficent friends, and on arriving at his destination received a letter of unlimited credit on a banker in Leghorn, from a Philadelphia gentleman, by which means he was enabled to continue in Italy for a period of four years.

In Italy, he passed his time in studying the principles of the art, as embodied in the works of the old masters, rather than servilely copying them. He had unbounded faculty for this method, and equal facility for applying to canvas his conceptions and discoveries. He had been but a few days in Rome, when his friends desiring to witness a proof of his attainment,

he painted a head which gained him great applause. He produced, while in Italy, two historical pictures, for which he received academical honors. From this country he went to England, and was at once accorded the first rank as a historical painter.

West found in London the same good fortune that had hitherto attended him. By means of some influential Philadelphia friends whom he met, he was introduced at once into the first circles. The portrait of one of these gentlemen, Gov. Hamilton, was painted by West, and is now extant in Philadelphia. The encouragement that he received led him to adopt that country as his residence, and for the remainder of his life he enjoyed a position, at the great metropolis, which secured him affluence and ample opportunity to adorn his chosen profession.

The steadfast purpose—perhaps we may say, truthfulness of character—of our artist, was exemplified in his matrimonial engagement. He had formed an attachment, while in Philadelphia, for a lady of that city who had reciprocated his affection. She was of an aristocratic family, by the name of Shewall. Their union was not favored by her friends, but the lovers were constant while passing years and change of scene and condition were intervening; and when our successful adventurer was at last established in London, he resolved to visit his home, and claim his bride. But it was arranged by their friends that his betrothed should make the passage to England, in the care of Benjamin's father, John West—who had married his first wife in England, and was soon to meet, for the first time, his eldest son, forty years of age, residing there. The child, left motherless, had been adopted by the relatives, to which course the father consented at their earnest entreaty. The plan for consummating Benjamin's wishes—who was now twenty-seven years of age—did not receive the approval of the proud relatives of the lady, and some of West's young intimates found secret means for effecting the end in view; the rope-ladder, aided by the darkness of night, facilitated the escape, and the lady, under the care of the elder West, was on her voyage to Liverpool the next morning. The expectant artist was in readiness on her arrival, and the romantic couple were shortly wedded. A "golden marriage" it was, for their felicity remained un-

broken for a period of fifty years, and the good lady herself declared, in her declining age, that her husband "had been all his days without fault."

West was fortunately introduced to the King by the kind attentions of the Bishop of York, who had employed our young artist in historical painting, and was much impressed with his talents for that school of composition. The young monarch was not yet burdened with cares of State, and readily conceived the importance of the bishop's suggestions relative to West's abilities, and the desirableness of securing them to national objects. He gave the painter a commission, and remained his patron so long as his faculties were unimpaired.

West's acquaintance with the king was through life cordial and intimate, and enabled him frequently to render valuable service to his brother artists. We shall speak of his contributions to art in another place; but will relate, in passing, a circumstance which shows in clear light the generous, peaceful, prudent character of the man. Contemporary with West was an engraver of distinction by the name of Strange. At an early period of the king's life, while Prince of Wales, his portrait with that of the Earl of Bute, was painted by Ramsay. Desiring that the pictures should be engraved by an artist of the highest excellence, the prince offered proposals to Robert Strange, which would have been ruinous to the artist's prospects, if accepted. He had it represented correctly to the royal patron, that he had about completed arrangements for visiting Italy, and could not well forego his plans. His course being regarded as a slight, he was soon made to feel himself marked for reverses in his fortunes, and he was rapidly superseded in the higher circles by those of inferior merit. It is only necessary to remark, that Strange was superior in his art to all others in England, was an enthusiast in the advancement of taste, and worked only from the best pictures. Ramsay's painting, which had so flattered the prince, was a poor production, and to have executed the plates would have cost four years' labor—for which he was to reap what advantage he might from the sale of the prints, and be presented with a hundred guineas.

Strange some years afterward, in hopes to effect a reconciliation with the king, engraved

a plate with infinite pains, to represent angels conveying into Heaven the disembodied spirit of one of the royal children. But eight impressions were taken. With a proof, West called upon the king to intercede for his unfortunate friend. The king was highly pleased with the engraving, and enquired the name of the artist. West in well-timed words informed him, and also the object for which the plate had been executed. The king consented to give Strange an audience. West returned to London to announce the result to his friend, and accompanied by him, and taking along the plate and proofs, again arrived at Windsor Castle, and was ushered into the royal presence. Having shown the king the impressions that had been taken, the engraver displayed the plate, and with a steel tool destroyed its surface before his eyes, as a testimonial of the single view with which he had expended so much time and labor. Thus, through West's intervention, was Strange not only forgiven for having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, but was subsequently knighted.

West introduced a new school of painting as respects historical subjects; he draped his personages of recent times in modern costume. All predicted a failure; even so good an artist as Reynolds contemplated such a result. He initiated this bold movement of reform, while engaged in treating the death of General Wolfe. Such a scene would have been depicted by the painters of that day, in the armorial suit of the Greeks and Romans. West's painting was highly approved, and the king is said to have required a copy. From this attempt is to be dated the reform that has since obtained in this field of art.

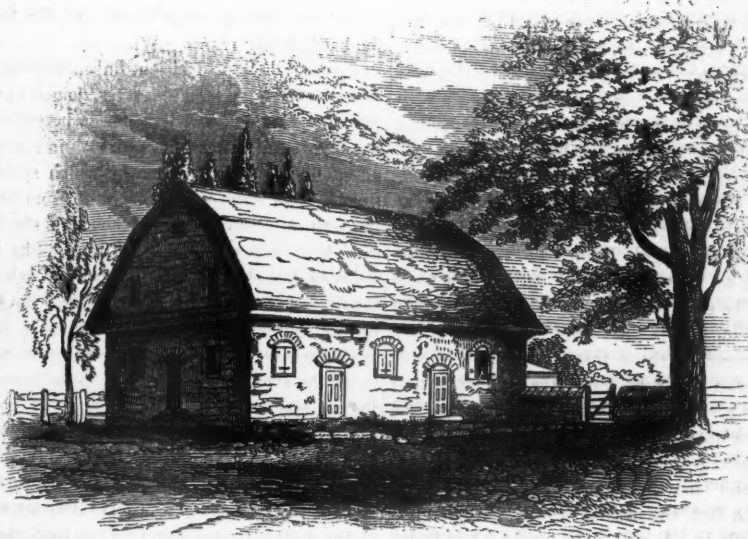
He further projected, and partly executed, a splendid series of paintings designed to illustrate the progress of revealed religion; he had executed twenty-four out of the thirty-six subjects he proposed to himself—when the derangement of his royal patron's intellect occasioned the suspension of his work; the instalments which enabled him to devote his skill to so magnificent a design, were stopped under the new regime. The labor was resumed on the king's partial recovery, but his relapse occasioned the final abandonment of the plan. The disappointment to our artist must have been great, and the loss to art would seem irreparable. He, however, began now a new style of

pictures—some of which have been exhibited in this country, and obtained great celebrity. "Death on the Pale Horse" is one of these, and is possessed by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It measures twenty-five feet by fifteen; and was produced but two years before the author's decease. "Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple," originally presented by West to the Pennsylvania Hospital, his "Paul and Silas," and "Christ Rejected," are works of a similar description, and possessing great merit.

West was principally instrumental in the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts in England—an institution that has vigorously sustained itself, and aided much in the promotion of general taste and skill in this noble domain of genius. He was the successor of Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the institution, but declined the proffered honor of knighthood. He filled this position with eminent

usefulness and dignity, till the period of his death, in 1820, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

In concluding this narrative, we have to record a circumstance in the history of our illustrious countryman, of touching interest, as showing the strength of childhood associations, which, with the lessons of virtue instilled into his youthful mind, were vividly awakened in his breast in subsequent years. Our own distinguished Sully was a pupil of West, and when, in 1810, he took his leave of him in London, the latter, already venerable with years, requested that he would visit in their native land, the spot where he was born, and make drawings of its familiar objects, to send to him in London. In the midst of all his glorious triumphs, the old man's heart yearned warmly towards the scenes of his boyhood. This parting request was piously fulfilled.



THE OLD SPRINGFIELD MEETING HOUSE.

It was the perusal of this incident which led another and younger artist (now eminent in his profession) to make, a few years since, a pilgrimage to the same spot. The engraving we present exhibits the appearance of the Springfield Meeting House, as sketched by Mr. Sartain, in 1837, except that the engraver has not given full effect to the noble buttonwood

which stands in the foreground. When visited again in October, 1848, no material changes in the building were observed. A small panel will be noticed in the gable end, near the apex of the roof, similar to that in the end of West's house. This panel bears the date of 1733, showing the time of the erection of the edifice, which was just five years before West's birth.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—We have heard of sensible "old maids," and we have seen and conversed with some of them. The most sensible of this class that ever we listened to, has had some of her sound sense utterances on the subject of Women's Rights, published in a late number of "The Ladies' Repository." From the article referred to, we take a few sentences for their intrinsic worth, and as a specimen of the whole. This sensible "old maid" starts with the observation that "the more *womanly* a woman is, the more her influence is felt. The very moment she shows herself *manly*, that moment she fails to effect the purest and holiest results of character." By *womanly*, however, she does not mean weak or childish or babyish or insipid.

She assents to the truth of the old saying that woman's life is of the affections; not, however, in its narrowest sense of selfish and instinctive attachments, but in that wide sense which embraces everything animate and inanimate, *worthy* of being loved. "Woman's love is her strength, not her weakness. So at least it would be under a healthful development. That it is not so is the mistake of her education. I have often been astonished to see at how early an age young girls begin to think of love and marriage. I don't know as it can be helped; or if it could be, I don't know as it would be expedient to help it. Nature is the best teacher. If one could be left to nature with regard to these things, the development of woman would be more true and more perfect in her peculiar sphere—the affections. But in these days nothing is left to nature. I have no objection to the young girls thinking that love and marriage is her probable destiny—is, in fact, the highest destiny of woman. It certainly is. It will do no good for you to bid her not think of such things! You cannot prevent it. You may ridicule and censure, and thereby teach concealment, and instil false and unworthy ideas; but you cannot change the immutable law of nature, which is the law of God."

In woman's nature the affectional, doubtless, predominates, as this 'old maid' maintains. As she says, we do not feel the want of strong intellect in woman, as in man. If she have love,

conscientiousness, devotion to others, self-sacrifice, we can still say she is *womanly*; but if a man be wanting where we look for strength, judgment and power, then we are disappointed. "He is not in one woman's judgment *manly*. How we all like this word *manly*, and how much better the reality which it signifies! The more *womanly* a woman is, the more she esteems *manliness* in a man."

On the foundations thus laid down our "old maid" rests her claim for one of the most important of woman's *rights*. Woman has a right to have food furnished for her affections, to have the God-given and *unperverted* cravings of her nature satisfied. In other words, she has a *right* to claim *manliness*—all *manly* and estimable qualities in man. As to saying she is satisfied without these "it is all folly," says our sensible old maid; "she may make the best of her condition without them, but she feels she has not her *rights*. When she looks for strength, firmness, decision, unbending sense of rectitude in the man she loves, joined to respect, tenderness, and devotion to herself,—if she finds them not, her nature, rich in its own affection and the tender charity which springs from it, may strive to conceal even from itself the want and the defect; but she feels she has a *right in nature* to demand more. She acquiesces, but she is not satisfied. She feels in the depths of her being that she has not her *rights*. No legislation can give her these. All the knowledge of all the sciences; a free entrance to all the avenues of learning, to colleges, to the professions, to the arts; the right of going to the polls; of speaking in public assemblies; of haranguing in the market-place—everything may be granted her, and yet the inalienable right of her nature to the proper development of her *womanly* faculties being denied, she is still unsatisfied. A mistake of her own—the result perhaps of inexperience, perhaps of false education, perhaps of society—has made her life, in one sense, a failure; at any rate, it has been a disappointment. Let any single woman, if she dares, in the face of ridicule and sarcasm in this hard world, speak the truth, and she will say, that, with every advantage of wealth, education, position, &c., that can be accorded to her by law or favor, she has a

right to something more and higher which no human legislation can give her. And let many a married woman who is not happy, tell plainly what it is that makes her lot bitter, her life a disappointment, her heart an aching void—it is not that she cannot go with her husband to vote on election days, or share with him the labor of providing for the family; but it is because she does not find in him the man—strong, noble, good and devoted—that her nature requires to call out all its capacity of devotion.”

Nothing then can make up to woman the want of something *worthy* to be loved. The old maid may be a Miss Kindly, and do deeds of use and kindness to all the neighborhood; and she whose partner is not worthy and cannot draw out her esteem and love, may find in the delights of maternal affections and duties a blessedness that will go far towards compensating her for her great want. But each of these is denied or deprived of her *first and most momentous* right.

Woman has another right—the right to be loved. As her title to this depends on herself—on her cultivation of loveable qualities, and not on man—there needs but little said about it in the present connection.

Mrs. BROWNING'S *LADY GERALDINE*.—There are few lovers of poetry who have not read this vigorous, hurried, passionate poem; and wondered in reading it at the strange vehemence by which it is characterized. Its composition occupied, we are told, but twelve hours. Two volumes were in press by the author, and further copy was wanted to complete the second volume so as to make it uniform with the first. This copy must be furnished in time for the vessel that was to carry the proof-sheets to America, where an edition was to appear. It was under these circumstances that Mrs. Browning (then Miss Barrett) composed this singularly spirited poem. Referring to the circumstances, Miss Mitford says: “The delicious Ballad must have been lying unborn in her head and in her heart; but, when we think of its length and its beauty, the shortness of time in which it was put in form, it appears one of the most stupendous efforts of the human mind—as the writer was a delicate woman, a confirmed invalid, just dressed and supported for two or three

hours from her bed to her sofa, and back again.” Like nearly all of Mrs. Browning's poetry, this exquisite love-ballad is marred by a frequent crabbedness of style and by a forced, unnatural compounding of nouns and adjectives, that obscure, rather than give force to the images the author would picture to the imagination. It has been remarked, and with truth, that Milton, Shakspeare, Byron and Burns, wrote the strongest poetry, without needing to compound words to convey their meaning after the manner of the Germans. “There was an abounding well of English undefiled at their hand, and if it answered their purposes, why coin new-fangled words, now, which neither suit our English tastes, nor help our English understandings?” The adoption of this style is, in most cases, a weak affectation to cover the defect of a clouded fancy.

A NEW BOOK BY MRS. DENISON.—“What Not” is the title of a volume, by Mrs. Denison, soon to be published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. There is not one among all our female writers who excels Mrs. Denison in the art of throwing around every-day life and every-day scenes a humanitarian aspect that elevates the seeming common-place into interest and importance. She possesses the rare faculty of looking beneath the surface at a glance, and seeing how the heart beats—of drawing aside the veil which our indifference to other's good lets fall before our eyes, and showing us the griefs, the pains, the ardent hopes, the disappointments, and the sufferings of those who are moving side by side with us in the paths of life. As a writer, her mission is one of good to the world, and she is ever true to her mission. Under this somewhat quaint title of “What Not,” she will give to the public a collection of brief sketches, embracing the widest range of subjects. The book must possess a value higher than its mere literary merit, for it will come into every home and heart that receives it with beautiful lessons of wisdom.

A TRUE SENTIMENT.—A correspondent says: “All right ends in literature are based upon a desire to benefit mankind. I know this to be true, and will try to act in accordance with the suggestion, for it is not in this field alone that the golden rule should be practiced; it is in every sphere and every condition of life.”

DOMESTIC DRUDGERY MADE DELIGHTFUL.—How many fret and complain on account of what they call the dull drudgery of domestic duties! To quite a number, therefore, the knowledge of some method by which this dull, tedious, tiresome drudgery could be converted into delightful and pleasing employment, would be most desirable and of very great value. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has supplied her sisters with this most valuable knowledge. She has informed them, as a matter of experience, that "the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when ennobled by sentiment." And ennobled they certainly are when they are attended to, either from a sense of duty, or from consideration for the comfort of a parent, a husband, or any other member of the household. "To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer a common-place affair shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers; it is decorating the place where I am to meet my friends. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshments for him whom I love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachments, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world." These observations contain the secret of converting domestic drudgery into delightful employment. For here, as in almost everything else, a noble, pure and elevated motive raises all that flows from it to its own high level.

A CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—A singular law-suit has just been decided in France. It appears that M. Dumas, the author, set on foot a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Balzac, to which the widow of Balzac objected, she wishing the privilege of honoring the deceased husband by placing over his mortal remains a suitable memorial. A suit was brought, in consequence, to restrain Dumas from carrying out his intention; which suit was lost by the widow, as she entirely failed to convince the Court that the public has not a right to honor the talents of its great men, by building them monuments after their death. Madame Balzac is to erect a mausoleum over the spot where her husband's remains are buried, and Dumas is to erect a mo-

nument in some square or public place of the capital, to be hereafter selected by the Administration. A circumstance like this could hardly have occurred out of France.

AN ANCIENT BOOK.—The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago! He describes it as follows: "The book is strongly bound in boards of the old English oak, and with thongs, by which the leaves are also well bound together. The leaves are entirely made of parchment, of a most superior quality of fineness and smoothness little inferior to the best satin. The pages are all ruled with great accuracy, and written with great uniformity, and beauty, in the old German text hand, and divided off into chapters and verses. The first chapter of every book in the Bible is written with a large capital of inimitable beauty, and splendidly illuminated with red, blue and black ink, still in vivid colors; and no two of the capital letters in the book are precisely alike."

DEATH OF THE POET MONTGOMERY.—By the last news from England, we have intelligence of the death of James Montgomery, the poet, whose name is hallowed in the thought of hundreds of thousands in both hemispheres. We can never forget the delight we experienced, when a mere child, in reading his "Wanderer of Switzerland." As we grew older, many of his lyrical and devotional pieces fixed themselves in our memory, and have remained there fresh as in the beginning. Though not a poet of great power, Montgomery was one of exquisite sweetness. He died on the 30th April, at the age of 82.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the Spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm of rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—In Berlin, Prussia, there are eight city physicians, whose duty it is to visit manufactories, workhouses, penal institutions, boarding-schools, &c., to see that the inmates have comfortable apartments and sleeping rooms, sufficient clothing, and food of a proper quality, that they have their regular hours of recreation, and that they are not tasked, either in work or study, beyond their strength.

BOYS, READ THE FOLLOWING.—We clip, from an exchange, the following noble answer of a boy:—

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."

"Yes, there was—I was there to see myself; and I don't ever mean to see myself do a mean thing."

MRS. OSGOOD.

MR. ARTHUR:—In your sketch of Mrs. Osgood, last month, you spoke of her having resided in Boston until her marriage. This, I believe, is partially incorrect. From conversation with some of our elders, I learn that the Locke family resided in this town ten or twelve years during the minority of Frances; and that she is well remembered here, as a school companion, and also for certain incidents wherein she early wore the wreath of honor.

The aspect of the mansion, which is pointed out as the former residence of that charmingly vivacious spirit, has been considerably changed since its now-illustrious occupation. The dwelling formerly stood on the rather prominent background of a gently sloping lawn; which lawn was planted with rows of the trim Lombardy poplar, and was the regular mustering-ground of a militia train band in that quarter of the town. The general appearance of the estate was then rather picturesque and pleasant. But of the grove of poplars not a trace now remains. A large factory fronts upon one side of the space, while immediately before the house a passage has been cut, through which, six times a day, the screaming locomotive rushes like an impersonation of nineteenth century restlessness; thus completely robbing the honored mansion of the quietly commodious appearance which it for-

merly presented. It is, however, still too much a source of gratification for us willingly to suffer a fact of this nature to pass quite out of memory.

Mr. Osgood has a sister living here, and still makes us an occasional visit, as he did last summer, when he brought with him his excellent portraits of Mrs. O. and her gentle May and Ellen, who were so early cited to their peaceful spirit-home. I think your representation of the head of the poetess very good for its kind.

Respectfully,

WM. A. K.

Hingham, Mass., May 6th, 1854.

ENGRAVINGS IN THIS NUMBER.

"The Dancing Dolls," our steel engraving for the month, is from one of the most pleasing pictures of Burnett, an artist who has rarely been equalled in his sketches of real life. There is not in the composition a single point where caricature or exaggeration is visible. Every figure, as well in attitude as in expression, is a study. We gaze from one to the other, and almost expect to see the smiles grow broader, or the limbs continue the actions seemingly created by the artist.

In looking at the picture of "The Wife," seeking to inspire her desponding husband with her own hopeful spirits, in how many memories will revive the noble lines of Mrs. Dinnies, commencing, "Come, Rouse Thee, Dearest!" We copy them entire, as among the finest in the language.

"Come, rouse thee, dearest! 'tis not well

To let the spirit brood

Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell

Life's current to a flood!

As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all

Increase the gulf in which they fall,

Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills

Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;

And with their gloomy shades conceal

The landmarks Hope would else reveal!

"Come, rouse thee, now! I know thy mind,

And would its strength awaken;

Proud, gifted, noble, ardent kind,

Strange, thou should'st be thus shaken!

But rouse afresh each energy,

And be what Heaven intended thee;

Shake from thy soul this wearying weight,

And prove thy spirit firmly great;

I would not see thee bend below

The angry storms of earthly woe!

"Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its power control
Familiar to thy wife—
For deem'st thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
Its shrine—than sunk her so to shame.

"Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom! Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers—
And though, at present, seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With steady ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bound be won—
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove,
In fond, undying, wedded love!"

"The Country Girl," bright, erect, and firm-footed, how strikingly in contrast with the stooping figure, and air of lassitude that so often marks the city belle, who blanches in shaded rooms, or breathes the heated and poisoned air of crowded saloons. Only the former can know what the word health really means. How a picture like this awakens in the heart of we city-enviored workers, a longing desire to be away amid the green meadows, and cool retreats. But, we can only sing with Stoddard:

"The Summer-time has come again,
With all its light and mirth,
And June leads on the laughing hours
To bless the weary earth.

"The sunshine lies along the street,
So dim and cold before,
And in the open window creeps,
And slumbers on the floor.

"The country was so fresh and fine,
And beautiful in May,
It must be more than beautiful,
A Paradise to-day!

"If I were only there again,
I'd seek the lanes apart,
And shout aloud in mighty words,
To ease my happy heart.

"But prisoned here with flat brick walls,
I sit alone and sigh:
My only glimpse of Summer near,
A strip of cloudy sky."

SELECTED VARIETIES.

We can sooner become rich by retrenching our desires than by enlarging our estate.

One swallow does not make a summer, but one lion can make a spring.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise nor good without taking pains for it.

Nature loves novelty almost as much as other people.

Jean Paul says love may slumber in a lady's heart, but it always dreams.

Conceit is proud that he has learned so much. Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the gallows," was the reply.

Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions and insights are needed.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again when watered by tears.

A spade—A broad, semi-wooden, semi-iron instrument for tearing the bosom of terra-firma, the pioneer of the advenient seed.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

Excuses are the pickpockets of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water, or his boots, but gets up at once.

A barber desired a groggy customer of his, on Sunday morning, whose breath smelled strong of alcohol, to keep his mouth shut, or the establishment might get indicted for keeping a rum-hole open on Sunday.

Ask a woman to do you a service, and she considers how she can best accomplish what you wish. Ask a man, and he considers how he can best make you appreciate his intention to serve you.

The surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, being the inscription, "No Admittance." Few persons ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

BOILED PUDDINGS, PIES, &C.

Make the pudding bag of thick sheeting, so that the water will not soak through. Dip the bag in boiling water, and flour the inside thoroughly, then pour in the pudding mixture and tie it up tightly, leaving room enough to swell, and drop it into a pot of boiling water. Do not let it stop boiling for one minute, or the pudding will be injured; turn the bag occasionally and fill up the kettle when required, with boiling water, as cold would spoil it.

Boiled puddings generally want long cooking—if of Indian, four or five hours is none too long. When done, dip the bag suddenly in cold water and the pudding will usually turn out whole. Be as particular to beat the yolks and whites of eggs separately, for puddings as for cake, and use none but fresh eggs. If raisins are to be added, cut them and flour them well, to prevent their sinking to the bottom; if cream is used, put it in the last thing, as much beating decomposes it, and never put eggs in hot milk or it will poach them.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil three pints of good milk, and thicken with sifted meal till as stiff as ordinary mush, add salt and half a pint of molasses and set aside till cool, then add three well-beaten eggs, half a grated nutmeg or a spoonful of ginger, and raisins if you wish. Fill the bag but two-thirds full, so as to leave room to swell, and boil it steadily—the larger the better. Eat it with boiled sauce, made as directed for baked puddings.

QUAKING PUDDING.—Make a rich custard as before directed, and thicken with old bread rubbed or chopped fine, add two or three spoonfuls of flour, and boil according to the above directions for an hour. Eat with genuine cream well sweetened.

BOILED FRUIT PUDDING.—Take light dough and work in a little butter, roll it out till not a quarter of an inch thick, and cover it thickly with strawberries, blackberries, sliced peach or stewed apple, or almost any kind of preserves, put on sugar, roll it up tight, double it once or twice and fasten up the ends. Put it in the pudding bag and tie it, leaving room to swell. Eat it hot, with cream over it.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—With a narrow knife or apple corer, take out the core of pared tart

mellow apples, and fill the place of the core with sugar; roll out some plain light pie crust about two-thirds of an inch thick, and cut it into pieces of just sufficient size to roll the apple in. Enclose an apple in each piece, tying each in a thick piece of cloth well floured. Boil one hour without intermission. A better way is to cover each cloth with soft boiled rice, enclose the apple in this and tie the cloth around snugly and boil till the apple is tender.

CORN STARCH makes an excellent pudding. Boil the milk in a pan over a kettle of boiling water. For each quart of milk, take six table-spoonfuls of starch rubbed smooth in a little milk, and three well-beaten eggs. Pour them into the boiling milk, adding a little salt, and stir constantly for three minutes and then turn it out for the table or mould it in tea cups, to be eaten cold. Sweetened cream with nutmeg is the best sauce.

MINUTE PUDDING is similar to starch pudding, using dry flour in place of starch paste, or the eggs may be omitted entirely. This must be eaten the moment it is done. A rice pudding prepared as directed for the oven, is also excellent boiled over boiling water.

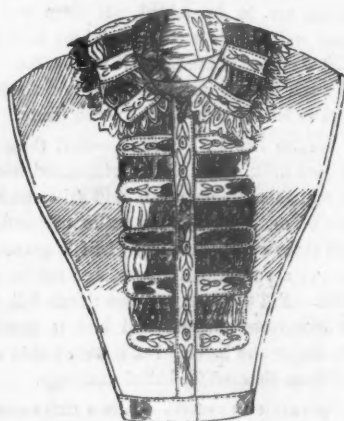
A WORD ABOUT MUSH.—This is a dish very generally used, but seldom boiled enough. It should boil at least one hour, and to prevent lumps, mix the Indian meal smoothly in a little water before it is used for thickening. A small handful of flour improves it.

As **PIES** are generally made, they are an unhealthful article of food. The crust should never be made greasy, and buttermilk and saleratus, or rising powder, should be used to make it light. We are very much in favor of the yeast powders or rising powders that are now so commonly sold. Three tea-spoonfuls well mixed into each quart of flour, will generally make the pie crust, pudding crust, biscuit or bread perfectly light and palatable. These powders are cheap, and full directions for their use always accompany them.

The following additional recipe for **CORN BREAD** has been sent us by Tirzah M. Stanley, of Portage county. Scald one quart meal, when cool add a little yeast, half cup of sugar, tea-spoonful saleratus, little salt, mould in flour sufficient to hold it together; when light, bake. —Ohio Cultivator.



HEAD DRESSES.



UNDER SLEEVE.—CHEMISETTE.



CORNERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

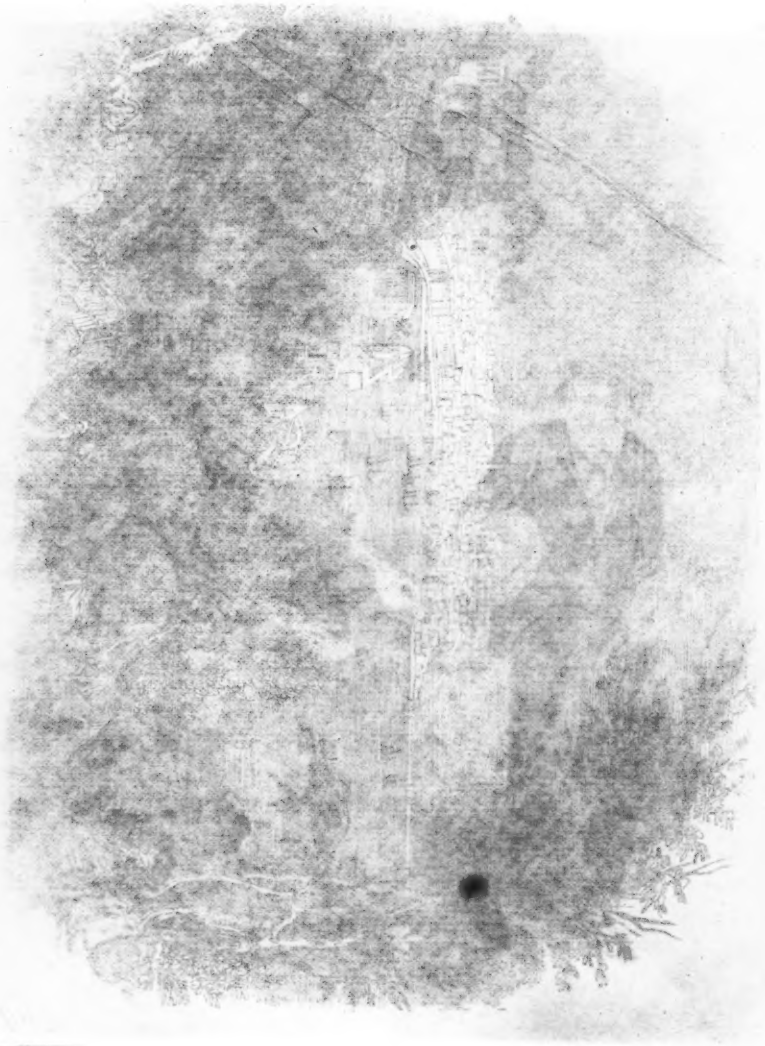




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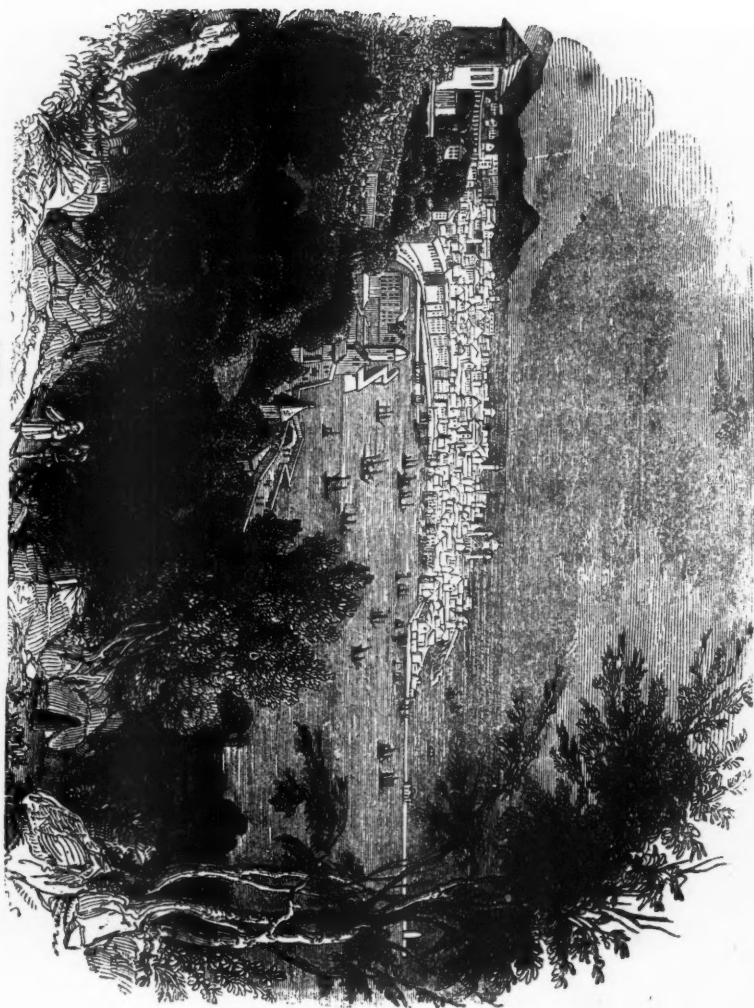
The String Player





The Kings' Garden

CITY AND HARBOR OF GENOA.





AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.—From a Design by GODFREY MIND.